

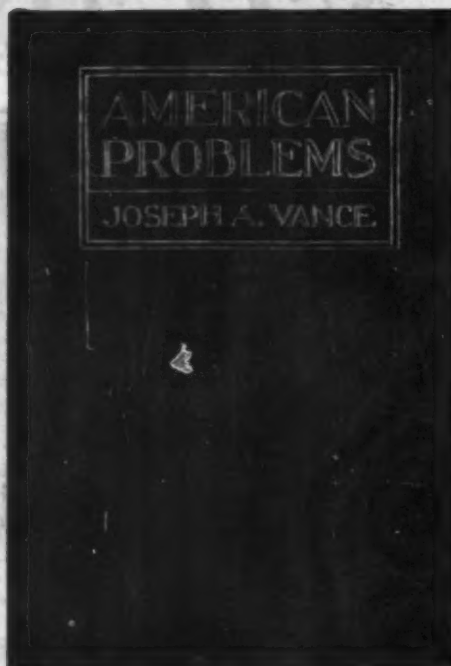
THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

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EASTER NUMBER

JUST ISSUED



This Book is sure to create wide discussion.

EXTRACTS FROM THE BOOK.

"Would to God a second Harriet Beecher Stowe were raised up to utter, not in exaggeration, but even justly the pitiful cry of the negro's need today!" The Negro Problem, pp. 26, 27.

"The Negroes who can read and write furnish a larger percentage of criminals than the illiterate." The Negro Problem, p. 28.

"By the grace of God let us make a bit of history in the realms of anthropology." The Negro Problem, p. 31.

"Next to the curse of an immoral home for his childhood nurture, the negro's greatest handicap today meets him in the labor world." The Negro Problem, p. 47.

"It boots us little joy to change war for peace, to beat our swords into plough-shares and our spears to pruning hooks, if we use plough-shares to break each other's skulls, and maim one another with pruning hooks." The Labor Problem, p. 120.

"Profit sharing does not mean the Christmas gift of a turkey or even of a hundred dollars to each of the workmen where the year has been specially prosperous." The Labor Problem, p. 113.

"Few things are more needed in the labor world than a better understanding and a more intimate relation between the laborer and his employer." The Labor Problem, p. 70.

"The greatest blunder which the friends of temperance ever made, is the identification of the principle of extermination with a political party." The Liquor Problem, p. 137.

"The saloon keepers receive from the laboring classes in the five leading countries of the world three-fifths as much as the landlords." The Liquor Problem, p. 130.

"Man is the only animal who eats when he is not hungry, and makes love at all seasons." Vice Problem, p. 219.

"Brutality, ignorance, perversity, of will—these are the forces that make men degrade the high-born manhood. * * * So that picture of the mob, which crucified Jesus and let loose Barabbas, becomes a miniature of all history." The Vice Problem, pp. 227, 228.

"The redemption of our cities from misrule waits for a generation of men whose civic conscience will measure up to their civic responsibilities." Municipal Problems, p. 195.

"When patriotism is honeycombed with commercialism, when greed fattens on the hunger and poverty of the common people, and those who could prevent it let it be so, when the statesman has become a politician and the prophet a dreamer, the day of our undoing is not far away." Municipal Problems, p. 249.

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The Christian Century

Volume XXI

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 24, 1904

Number 12

EDITORIAL

Easter Echoes—a Paraphrase

How sweet the old, old story sounds,
As each succeeding Easter rounds
Another year with love replete,
And pours new blessings at our feet.
Pure are the lillies, white and rare,
Fragrant the incense-breathing prayer.
Through aisles and vaulted roof there rolls
The melody of grateful souls.

As little children, o'er and o'er,
Will listen to the same sweet lore
Of fairy tale in Wonder-land,
While wee hands rest in mother's hand,
So we, but children older grown,
Do listen while in reverent tone
We hear the same old scripture read:
How Christ, the crucified and dead,
Was laid away in tomb of stone,
And left His followers sad and lone;
He who had been their strength and light
Had fallen victim to death's night,
At last, like others; hope had fled—
Their Lord and Master now was dead;
And how, on that first Easter morn,
He rose, and so glad hope was born;
For while the precious body lay
Embalmed and still, Christ sped away
To forge for human souls a key.
O strange but glorious mystery!

He caught up every throbbing sigh
Of sinful, sick humanity,
And in the white heat of God's love
He cast them as his treasure trove,
And shaped them on the anvil, pure,
Of God's large promise—steadfast, sure;
In cool, sweet waters of man's trust
And loving faith, it then was thrust;
So formed the key, unlocked the tomb,
Dispelling all the doubt and gloom
That had, for ages, round it lain,
Cold with despair of parting pain;
And over every graveyard hung
This key of hope. O quickly swung
The shadows back for glorious day!
"The Lord is risen! See where He lay!"
And o'er the blackness of our past,
That radiant light of love was cast.

What wonder that glad Easter bells
Ring out our joy! and organ swells
The story of the matchless love
Of One who died that we, above
All sin and sorrow, death and care,
May rise and all His glory share!
What wonder that we never tire
Of hearing full-voiced praiseful choir
Sing "Glory! Glory to our King!
Through all the earth His praises ring!"
Or that glad nature, far and wide,
Leaps into life at Easter-tide!
"The Resurrection and the Way,"
Bring Him your grateful hearts to-day,
And let good deeds in pure love given,
Show that with Christ our souls are risen.

CELESTA BALL MAY.

Blackwell, Oklahoma, 1904.

A GREAT WORK

THIS is the Young People's Easter Offering Number of The Christian Century. The Young People's work is the right arm of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. What the Sunday School and the Christian Endeavor combined are to the Church, the Young People's Department is to the C. W. B. M. Mrs. Joseph King and Miss M. L. Payne were active in urging the organization of children's bands for missionary work several years before Mrs. King was elected the National Superintendent in 1884 at St. Louis. Mrs. King did faithful pioneer work. As Mrs. Sarah Shortridge said in her last annual report: "How much, under God, we owe to the self-sacrificing, single-hearted devotedness of Brother and Sister King can be measured only by Him unto whom is known the end from the beginning."

When Mrs. Josephine Smith died in Japan the children gladly undertook the building of a chapel to her memory. This was the first house of worship owned by our people on heathen soil. The building was presented to our Foreign Board as Mrs. Smith was a missionary under the Foreign Christian Missionary Society. The building work of the children was so prominent that they were called "Junior Builders." Under the direction of Miss Mattie Pounds the work has been broadened in its scope, deepened in educational power and enlarged in every way. It is no longer the children's work, but this Young People's Department of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. They are doing very efficient work in India, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Mexico, and in the home land. Last year they raised twenty-six thousand dollars. We hope our churches everywhere will encourage this noble work.

THE QUESTION OF ADVERTISING

WE HAVE received the following letter from a physician: "You will no doubt recognize the inclosed advertisement. I spoke to an officer of one of my congregations about taking one of our papers, and his first objection was that our Christian papers were advertising what they knew to be frauds. I felt humiliated indeed not to be able to deny the charge. If your family should become dangerously sick whom would you appeal to—the patent medicine doctor or a regular physician? To ask such a question is to answer it. The sales of patent medicine in the United States last year amounted to more than \$160,000,000, and yet from a scientific examination of patent medicines by the medical profession in Canada a short time ago they contained from 14 to 40 per cent of alcohol. Don't you think we ought at least to refuse to help distribute a liquid that contains from

three times the amount of alcohol that beer does to one-third more than whisky?

Your brother in Christ,

E. T. DAVIS, M. D.

Independence, Mo., March 8, 1904.

The objection in this case is a valid one. Before receiving Dr. Davis' letter we had declined to accept one hundred and eight dollars (\$108.00) to continue the advertisement to which he refers. The fact that many of our doctors refuse to pay a fair price for a Christian paper does not justify a Christian paper in carrying advertisements which are objectionable. Here is a situation which our Christian people overlook. The white paper in the first-class Christian journal costs more than the people pay for the printed paper. Dr. Davis may be an exception, but many a church officer, and not a few doctors, spend fifty or even one hundred dollars a year for tobacco and refuse to pay more than one dollar for a Christian paper which costs two dollars to make. However, The Christian Century is determined to give its readers only clean and reliable advertising. We have refused as much as one thousand dollars' worth of advertising in one month which other religious journals accept. We do not expect our readers to appreciate what this means. The price of papers has been reduced until they are compelled to depend on advertising. Our physicians are especially sensitive in regard to patent medicine "ads." Some patent medicines are good. Besides, many a poor person finds temporary relief by using some cheap remedy who could not afford to pay for a regular physician's services. There is no doubt, however, that on the whole the patent medicine "habit" is growing. It is also a fact that one of our "Christian" papers berates the saloon editorially and carries a number of disguised whisky "ads." which go under the innocent name of patent medicine.

A PERTINENT QUESTION

THE nineteenth century restoration movement is characterized by elements which are peculiar and unique. At the same time it is vitally and historically related to the great protestant reformation of an earlier century; having been made possible by what had preceded. Luther clashed with ecclesiasticism and popery; and with all the dynamic of an enraged lion he threw himself against the doctrines of the church: the doctrines of penance, salvation by works and the infallible authority of the Pope. He proclaimed the doctrine of justification by faith in a manner that struck terror to the heart of Catholicism. But around him and those who seconded his efforts a crystallization took place. Partisan zeal supplanted the zeal for liberty which gave it birth. The persecuted became the persecutors; and the sectarian spirit was a greater incentive than the constraining power of God's love. Denominational jealousies have rendered protestantism in a large measure ineffectual.

The "current reformation" did not come in conflict with Catholicism as did the Monk of Wurtemberg and his contemporaries, but there was an unavoidable clash with the partyism of protestantism. Upon the great fundamental verities of the Christian faith Campbell and

his coadjutors held much in common with evangelical Christianity. But recognizing that protestantism was divided for the most part over questions which do not belong to the essence of Christianity, they conceded the widest divergence of views upon questions of theory and speculation, granting to no one the right to legislate; and for this reason, as a religious people, we have been able to adjust ourselves to any new phase of truth without suffering a serious break. It was not the purpose of "The Reformers" to found a distinct organization, nor was it their desire to so much as separate themselves from the fellowship of other Christian people; but it was rather an unforeseen consequence of differing points of view which that age could not reconcile.

"Christian union was the goal and New Testament Christianity the program" which they marked out. "Restoration," became the watchword; the rallying cry was "restore primitive Christianity." They said we will go back over the reach of eighteen hundred years and set ourselves down at the feet of Christ and his apostles, and learn of them, taking up the work where they left it. But does that mean that all is bad in the church, from a time shortly subsequent to that period, down to the present time—perhaps just a little good here and there? Do we hold that if we could have been placed at the turning point the church would have been preserved perfect and without spot or blemish? If that is our position it is to be feared that we will do no better than those who have preceded us. We must study the history of the church during the entire period of its existence, to see what mistakes were made that we may avoid them, and to see the good that was realized that we may make it a part of our treasure. We will not imagine that we are wiser than all the great minds of eighteen centuries only as we can gather up their combined wisdom and make it pay tribute to us. We will be in advance of them only as we are able to detect the gold, refusing the dross. Let us pray God that we may ever be ready to accept the truth, avoiding the error which is bulwarked by ignorance and prejudice.

We are beginning to ask ourselves just what we mean by the restoration of New Testament Christianity. Do we want everything just as it was at the close of the first century? The church was not perfect. The ideal and the real are always at variance. The apostolic ideal was approximated by some, but the church at large moved and lived and had its being in the sphere of the actual. Are we ready to forfeit the experience of eighteen centuries? It is a valuable legacy. Are we ready to give up the present day world culture; the achievements of science and art which have been bequeathed to us; the discoveries in geology and astronomy; inventions in mechanics and electricity; our books and printing press? But all this gives us a changed perspective. Old truth is seen in a new setting. Are we not in a better position to appreciate the essence of Christianity than they were in the first century? Christ can be understood only as we see him in relation to the great world movements which his teaching has

directed and in a large degree permeated. There are many things in the New Testament Church which we do not seek to restore. We need to make clear to ourselves just what belongs to the essence—the kernel, and what to the shell; what is permanent and abiding, belonging to all times, and what is a part of the ever-changing world culture.

PAUL MOORE

OUR readers will appreciate seeing the picture of Paul Moore, who has practically been the managing editor of The Christian Century for several months, but who will hereafter be with The Christian Evangelist force in the same capacity after this week. Everyone who knows Paul Moore loves him. His character combines strength and refinement in a rare degree. He has probably had a wider experience as a religious journalist than any other man of his age among the Disciples of Christ. Now that Dr. W. B. Garrison, who has been assistant editor of the Christian Evangelist, assumes the presidency of Butler College, Paul Moore takes his place upon that time-honored journal.

When W. T. Moore went to England in 1878 he took his entire family, Mrs. Moore, whose father, R. M. Bishop, was governor of Ohio, Paul, Mary, Richard and Landon. Paul was educated in the universities of London and Paris, and for ten years before he returned to America in 1891 was associated with The London Commonwealth, founded by his father. The Christian Commonwealth took rank with The Christian World and The British Weekly. After Bro. W. T. Moore returned to America Paul Moore was the editor and manager of The Christian Commonwealth, and only gave up this great work because of failing health. Bro. Paul has never been robust, but has unusual powers of endurance. As a man he is brave, but gentle, and the qualities of his refined Christian character enter largely into his editorial work. He is a charming companion and the soul of honor. We shall greatly miss him in Chicago, but we bid him Godspeed.

C. A. Y.

The National Congress of the Disciples of Christ is in session in this city as we go to press, and a full report will appear in our next week's issue. Representatives are already here from the Atlantic seaboard on the east and the Missouri river on the west.

This year is to be the crowning year in our missionary work. Greater strides have marked our progress in the opening years of the new century than ever before. It is now reasonably certain that the remarkable record of last year will be surpassed by all our societies this year.

It is a grand thing to participate in a great enterprise and an exhilaration to have a part in a great victory. The evangelization of America is a vast enterprise. The work of our brotherhood as conducted by the American Christian Missionary Society is a progressive victory. Every church and every disciple should have part in it.

An Easter Message

By Charles
A. Young

THE risen Jesus floods the darkened soul of man with glorious light. He points us to the "things that are above" and fills our hearts with a peace still as the stars, calm as the night, deep as the sea, pure as the driven snow in winter and fresh as the fragrant flowers of spring.

The Easter season brings us many messages. Browning's *Easter-Day* is a marvelous introspective study of how the unsatisfactory finite life of man can be related to the infinite life of joy and bliss. He teaches us that the Judgment Day will reveal the fact that the finite life at its best is worthless unless it is related with the infinite life. The vista opened out toward the infinite by love is that which gives the light of life to all good things of earth. Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" assures us we shall meet our Pilot face to face on that beautiful shore where God shall wipe all tears from our eyes, and Whittier sings: "Alas for him who never sees

The stars shine through his cypress-trees!

Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!

Who hath not learned in hours of faith,

The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is lord of Death,

And Love can never lose its own!"

As highly as we prize the messages of our illuminated Christian poets, our hearts instinctively cry out at this season for a message from the inspired volume. Of all the writers of the New Testament none has given us more beautiful or inspiring messages of the risen Jesus and the relation of the resurrection to the larger vision of the soul and the higher life of man than the Apostle Paul. Among his many messages let us meditate on one which combines faith in the fact of the resurrection of Jesus with the practical obligation which the risen life opens before us. In writing to the Colossians Paul says: "If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above; where Christ is seated on the right hand of God (Col. III:1). The first two chapters of the epistle of Paul from which this Easter message is taken is distinctively doctrinal; the last two chapters are plainly practical. The transcendent truth of the risen life carries with it the imperative duty of seeking the things that are above. This message unites the reality of the resurrection with the higher life of the Christian.

1. The author of the "Scenes and Sayings in the Life of Christ" says the resurrection of Christ is the central column of the gospel on which it all rests. Throw this down and the whole structure falls into ruins. Make this sure, and the whole gospel is established. No resurrection means no Christ, but a risen Jesus means a mighty Savior. It is the splendor of the resurrection that scatters the darkness of the Cross and kindles every page of the gospel with glory. The gospel narratives pour around this event a blaze of light such as illuminates no other miracle in the Bible. Inspiration gave it a central place and history has added evidences to its certainty. The centu-

ries have given cumulative force to its reality, as Tennyson so beautifully and truthfully sings:

"O Christ whose cross began to bloom

With peaceful lilies long ago,
More thick the Easter garlands glow
Each year above thy empty tomb."

Christianity is bound up with the resurrection as an inseparable part of its existence. If the resurrection goes, Christianity goes. A Christ who did not rise is neither the Redeemer nor Illuminator of men. Paul thinks of Christianity as a great venture. The eternal future is staked upon it. If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain.

The reality of the resurrection is one of the most certain facts in human history. The evidences grow stronger with the growing centuries. We know that Jesus has risen and burst death's dark prison because the sealed sepulchre is open. We know he is risen because the flowers of hope and love and faith are blooming in consecrated Christian hearts. The death of Jesus discouraged his disciples. Peter says: "We were begotten to a living hope by the resurrection from the dead." The testimony of the apostles and the victories of a resurrection faith are convincing to any unprejudiced mind. One reason the resurrection is sometimes questioned is because the will is slow to yield to the intellect's judgments. Indeed the real difficulties of belief are bound up with the will. To fully grasp the reality of the resurrection we need to pray with the poet:

"Oh living Will that shalt endure

When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual Rock,
Flow through our wills and make them pure."

The monumental institutions of the Christian church witness to the reality of the resurrection. Baptism not only symbolizes the death of our Lord and our dying to sin, but also the resurrection of our Lord and our rising to walk in newness of life. The emersion has its sacred symbolism as well as the immersion. The Lord's Supper upon the Lord's day tells us of his death and his resurrection. The Lord's days since the day Jesus arose in the Garden of Joseph of Arimathea are like one hundred thousand bright and beautiful columns on each of which is written—

"He is risen, He is risen,

He has burst death's dark prison."

2. But Paul, who is always practical, links the reality of the resurrection of our Lord with the risen life of the Christian. "If then ye were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above, where Christ is seated on the right hand of God." Paul's message to seek the higher things is especially needed in this mammon loving age. High ideals are as essential to individual blessedness as they are to a country's greatness. "Hitch your wagon to a star" is not idle rhetoric. To keep our mind fixed on the things above, to catch a vision of the divine and eternal, we must seek the things above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

If we live in the spirit and not in the flesh; if we are spiritual and not carnal; if we have shared the resurrection-life

of Christ, we must live above the darkness of the tomb and the things which are of the earth earthy. The relation of the historical fact of the resurrection to the spiritual life of the Christian is vital. Not only is the resurrection of our Lord "the invincible assertion of the truth of Christianity, it is also a vitalizing principle in the living soul—Risen with Christ," "seek things above"—the fact and the message are inseparable. Indeed all Christian teaching relates itself to Christian living. "The resurrection is not merely an historical fact, a transcendent miracle, a fulfillment of some prophecies, a warrant that other prophecies will be fulfilled. Certainly it is an objective event and we may not resolve it into a merely subjective experience of our Lord's first followers without utterly discrediting the very base of Christian evidences. But the resurrection has a subjective side; it is a principle of spiritual energy as well as a fact of human history. It is a germinant principle out of which the soul derives its new life, and by which the laws and obligations of that life must be determined."

"Risen with Christ" expresses a vital though mystical union between Christ and the Christian. The life of the Christian is a supernatural life. This presupposes belief in God as a personal Father. Of course both the Positivist and the Pantheist say here they part company with the Christian. They both think that insistence upon the presence of the Personal Father and the Living Christ in the daily life of plain people is superstition. But the Christian who has indeed risen with Christ knows better. Through the supernatural power of a risen Redeemer the divine Spirit illuminates the understanding and strengthens the will of the child of God. "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are new." Standing upon the natural world we look up to the supernatural where faith and love and prayer are potent.

Let us make Paul's message "seek those things that are above" practical. May we let the light of heaven illuminate our path. May communion with the personal Father be the habit of our lives. May we seek the highest, noblest, best things in life. Let us seek the higher friendships, the noblest tasks in the society about us, but beyond this let us live more in the atmosphere of the divine and the eternal. May our secret thoughts be fixed on the things above. A great English Christian has said: Why should thought gravitate earthward, as if it were a senseless stone? Why should it grovel amid petty ambitions, personalities, passions which form the moral mire through which souls so often drag their weary way? Why not make an effort of strong purpose "that whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, of good report" we will think on these things. Let us seek the higher thoughts and live the higher life.

That like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so should we walk in the newness of life.
Rom. vi. 4.

Children's Day And the Work of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions

OUR EASTER

Nancy E. Attkinson.

NO SEASON in all the year should fill our hearts with such joy and thanksgiving as the Easter time. We love to celebrate the day that tells of the Savior's birth, but what would that day mean to us if his crucified body had remained forever in Joseph's rock-hewn tomb? But he triumphed over death. For an empty grave and an ever-living Christ, how can we at this season express our love and gratitude? One who now dwells with his

he started from his home he went alone. But when Christiana set out she took the children with her. Thus it has ever been the desire of the mother heart to have the companionship of her children in all that is good. So we are not surprised to find that in many a home at Easter time the children practiced their little self-denials with their mothers, and put away their pennies that other children might know of Christ and his resurrection, and that in the fall of that self-same year a resolution was presented and unanimously and enthusiastically adopted at the national convention ask-

time and its preceding week of labor and self-denial.

The time chosen is a most appropriate one. It is not only the anniversary of Junior Endeavor, but also the one time in all the year when, in the home, mother and children can unite in a common self-denial for a common work. In their missionary work the young people occupy the closest possible relation to the C. W. B. M. Under its direction they erected the first house ever built by the Christian church on heathen soil. They have been building ever since and in 1884 were formally named by us our "Builders." True and faithful builders have they been, for their contributions have erected in heathen lands nearly all of our school houses, chapels, mission homes, dispensaries, hospitals and orphanages—more than forty in all. In the dispensaries and hospitals they have erected more than 28,000 new and returning patients were treated last year. In their orphanages 528 children were cared for, not for a few weeks or months, or until they could be placed in Christian homes, for there are none of these in heathen lands, but sheltered and fed and clothed and educated, nursed and mothered, loved and taught of Christ until able to go out and do Christian work themselves, or become the centers of Christian homes of their own. Such are some of the blessed fruits of the children's "labor and self-denial."

And now the precious week of which we are writing, and in which we rejoice, is near at hand. To Auxiliary and Mission Band and Junior Endeavor comes the call for its fitting observance. Too often we make it an occasion for extravagant display and sensuous delight, for costly flowers, artistic music and new and gorgeous apparel. It is a time for joy and rejoicing, but it is also a time for remembering him who, by his toll and self-denial, has made this joy possible. As we come before him through this week, with hearts hushed in prayer, shall we not feel his presence, hear his message and gladly hastening, "with fear and great joy," to tell to all the world that "he is risen?"

SELF-DENIAL AND ITS LESSONS

Mary J. Judson.

THE mission of our Lord to this earth was to redeem the people and buy them back for God. "He died for all, that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died." To live selfishly is to be dead while we live. To deny self for the sake of Christ is to partake of the divine nature. If we would have fellowship with him it must needs be at some cost to ourselves. For in no other way is it possible to understand his mission and ministry. At cost in things temporal, and sometimes it may involve the giving of our bodies as a living sacrifice, but afterward there is great gain.

We are stewards in trust with the gospel and our commission is to carry it to all lands. Our offerings to this great purpose will be in proportion to our appreciation of what we have gained



MRS. NANCY E. ATKINSON, PRES. C. W. B. M.

risen Lord gave us the answer years ago. Looking out upon the world, thinking over of the purpose of our organization, the vastness of the work and our own insufficiency for it, she, Mrs. O. A. Burgess, with her clear vision caught a glimpse of what this season and its service might be to us. Very early in her administration we find this from her pen: "In view of our need of strength and wisdom, and in view of the needs of the work we are called upon to do, it is fitting that the Christian Woman's Board of Missions should set apart a time to be observed in prayer and self-denial. We therefore appoint the week preceding Easter Sunday, it being an appropriate time for such service." The following month also she mentions it and urges its observance. Still later she again writes: "All the week through the thought of personal obligation should be uppermost in our minds, and with the dawning of the bright Easter morning let us walk with our risen Lord, for he is still in our midst, and realize, if we can, that in his very presence we are making our thank offerings." Thus began our week of prayer and self-denial.

There is a book in which all of us, both old and young, have found great delight. It is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." In the story of Christian's journey to the Holy City we learn that when

ing the "Intermediate and Junior Endeavor Societies to set apart the time from March 27th, Junior Anniversary day, until Easter as a time for labor and self-denial for missions." Mission Bands were asked to make this their anniversary season. It was ordered also that "the annual observance of this season be a statute forever in the young people's department." Each year at our annual conventions this resolution, in some form, has been repeated, and "more thorough preparation" for the observance of the season urged. It has rapidly grown in favor and is becoming, not only in our own churches, but in several denominations, "the great annual festival of Junior Endeavor."

What has it accomplished? It has brought not only more method and unity to the work of the young people's department, but it has also materially increased its receipts; how much a little comparison will readily show. The Easter was first observed in 1897. At the convention the preceding year the young people's department reported \$6,760.89 as the receipts during the year. Since that time there has been a marked advance, year by year, until last year the offerings amounted to more than twenty-six thousand dollars. The chief source of this great financial gain has been the faithful annual observance of this Easter

through a knowledge of this gospel and of our exaltation above the condition of our pagan ancestry. It is well to pause a little and take account of assets and liabilities and ask ourselves the question, "What have we that we did not receive?" It has seemed fitting to the Christian Woman's Board of Missions to set apart



MARY J. JUDSON, TREAS. C. W. B. M.

the week preceding Easter as a time for prayer and praise, a time to seek a nearer approach to God, a more whole-hearted consecration of all that we are and all that we possess unto his service. It should be a blessed time for those who are privileged to gather together, each day, in their houses of worship or in their homes, to talk of God's love and of the progress of his cause, and finally to bring a willing offering which should be the result of self-denying love on the part of the giver, a generous offering, whether it be large or small. It is a noteworthy fact and deeply to be regretted that they whose possessions are great do not give as liberally according to their ability as do those who are less favorably situated financially.

It is exceedingly fitting that the hearts of the children have been directed to this same great object at the same time. Self-denial is more easily practiced in the home when all are interested in it and when the thoughts of the mother are especially directed to the consideration of her obligations to God and to those who have never heard the gospel of his Son it seems most natural that she should teach the same to her children. Together they may learn the same lessons and become more thoroughly at one with each other and with the great Father of us all. Mother-love can find a way to impress the best and purest lessons upon the heart of a child and she should not let slip her opportunity at a time when the tendency is to give too much thought and too lavish expenditure to the outward adorning, and fail to help her child to learn the beautiful lesson of the risen life in Christ. There is a fair temple to be made ready for the Spirit's indwelling, there are seeds of love to be sown in the heart, love for God and for all the children of his care, that love that will deny self in order that something may be saved from the more favored life and surroundings with which to bless those who do not know our Christ. To such exalted service has God called Christian motherhood.

If it is impossible to attend the services of the week of prayer, it is still possible for each one to commune with God in the secret place and make it a blessed time. When we attain to that consecration so much to be desired the giving of substance will be so easy, for we will recognize the fact that all that we have belongs to God. There is so much in the world to win people away from the unseen but eternal things, the tinsel and alloy of life are so often preferred above its pure gold, that we should highly prize all these means of spiritual development, these times of hiding ourselves away in holy places to listen for God's voice. He grants high privileges to his sons and daughters if they will but grasp them and avail themselves of the larger life to which, in his infinite love, he has called them.

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS

Anna Ewing Davidson.

I WISH to call attention to one department of Christian activity which to me holds out the greatest promise of world-wide missionary education and evangelization—our children's missionary organizations. I have learned by investigation of this subject enough to convince me that a much larger number than many suppose are being taught in these societies their duty to carry out Christ's commission.

We are told sometimes that Christian people are over-organized in this age. But can we think of one of these organizations which could be dispensed with

without loss to the development of the cause in that special line, in that special way? I think not. None of these servants of the church are more important than those for the training of the children. Children as well as grown people need the stimulating, encouraging, en- thusiastic influences of being banded together to learn of, talk about and work for a common object. The children's missionary society supplies this need more than any other organization.

The Sunday School has been and is of inestimable value in their spiritual development. Its object is to teach God's Word, to lead the children to confess Christ and to contribute to Christian work. The Junior society takes them a step farther in this development. Here the children become the officers, the leaders of the meetings. Upon them (always under the direction of the superintendent) rests the responsibilities, the management, the success of the meetings. They must read and talk and play, write papers, work on committees, make reports, collect and expend money. They write to and receive letters from their state and national superintendents. They know that the National Missionary Convention has set apart a certain work for them to do, and they strive to do it.

The child can understand and sympathize with the suffering, degraded condition of children in heathen lands and be led to long to help them. And when taught that nothing but a knowledge of and love for Christ will better their condition he will work and pray and sacrifice for them and thus grow better himself.

When he learns that his offerings, to-



HELEN E. MOSES, COR. SEC. C. W. B. M.

gether with the offerings of other children's societies, built a hospital or an orphanage in India last year, and will build an orphanage in Porto Rico and school building in Mexico this year, and

Think of the possibilities of a child having all of the developing, restraining influences of a Christian home, church, Sunday school with a loving, efficient teacher, Mission Band or Junior with a

child to join the Junior society. Give him some little task by which he could earn enough to pay dues and take the needed paper. This may seem like a small thing to do. But small acts often produce great results. Not many years ago a poor sewing girl in London gave a boy on the street a shilling if he would go with her to Sunday school. He became a regular attendant, a Christian, a missionary and the founder of the great Telugu Mission, which perhaps has had the greatest ingathering of souls of any mission in India. It is not likely that any great minister in London accomplished as much that day as this young girl by her one act. When we are trying to sow the good seed of the kingdom we can never know what the result will be.

The children of to-day are so soon to take the place of men and women who are now doing the work of the world. Those who are helping the children to grow wiser and better are helping to mold the destinies of the future. Before Christ commanded Peter to "feed my lambs" he asked, "Lovest thou me?" The superintendent of the children's society should be the best material the church can supply, but the first qualification should be love for and consecration to Christ.

It is said by balloonists that the voices of children are heard at a much greater height than any other sound which goes up from the earth; they travel higher than the scream of the steam whistle, the roar of the cataract or the shout of the mob. The atmosphere, or he who created it, seems partial to the children. We should consider it our most important work to surround them with such a religious or spiritual atmosphere that



JUNIORS AT BELOIT, KAS., WHO ARE EACH PAYING FOR A C. W. B. M. LIFE MEMBERSHIP.

that the children in these institutions are growing in all good ways, he will be stimulated to greater efforts. Thus his executive ability is developed, and, while his mind is like wax to receive impressions and like marble to retain them, the habit of giving to missions is formed, his knowledge of and sympathy for humanity broadened and his faith in the uplifting power of the gospel strengthened.

The missionary society will help the child to form right ideals of life. Children cannot strive for abstract ideals. They take people for their examples. The wise superintendent seeks to interest the children in the lives of missionary heroes and heroines, the highest type of humanity. This helps them unconsciously to form high ideals of life. Some of our workers now in foreign fields say that their purpose to become missionaries was born and fostered in the Mission Band.

The careful husbandman begins with a very young vine and mercilessly prunes away all unnecessary growth and nourishes and develops only the main stalk. The roots of his being are planted in a child. His guardians should use every agency which will help to repress the evil tendencies and encourage and help the good. In many ways the children's missionary society will supplement the efforts of the parents in doing this. To be a faithful member he must sacrifice some pleasures. He should earn the money he gives to missions. Of course, it is easier for his parents to give him the money, but for his best development he should be led to be self-reliant and self-sacrificing in this. To the child the amount is not so important as the forming of the habit of regular, systematic giving.

wise leader, Intermediate, Y. P. S. C. E. and C. W. B. M. What a power for good in the world! This is ideal, and when a generation of such children have been raised up the problem of the evan-



HENRY AND ALLAN GARRISON, DANVILLE, KY., LIFE MEMBERS C. W. B. M.

gelization of the world will have been solved. Even now we know that the majority of the church's converts come into it from the children's organizations.

Those who have no children might do a good work by leading some neglected

their purer voices may be heard more and more in the efforts of the church to purify the atmosphere from sin, which is stifling and choking the good in men, women and children of the world.

Because the C. W. B. M. had first

banded the children together for missions and other religious instruction and had this work incorporated in their organization with literature and other helps; when the Junior and Intermediate Christian Endeavor came into existence, our national missionary convention by enactment gave the care and direction of all our children's organizations and their missionary funds into the hands of the Christian Women's Board of Missions. During the last ten years the number of children in the young people's department of the C. W. B. M. (Junior and Intermediate C. E., Mission Bands and Circles), as reported to our national superintendent, has grown from 7,709 to 45,589.

I look upon this work, the missionary training of the children in our young people's department, and of those in our orphanages in foreign lands, as the most important and far-reaching in its results of any department of the work of the C. W. B. M. We need the co-operation of parents, pastors and friends. Let us not become weary in this work. Let us not cease to spend love, time, thought and money. Let us use the best and newest methods discovered by those who make a study of child culture. Let us not be afraid of overdoing.

God commanded his people thus:

"And thou shalt teach them (commands) diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. Thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house and on thy gates."

"That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments better than their fathers."

Jesus exalted children. "He took a child and set him in the midst of them," and as Christian civilization advances we appreciate more and more the possibilities of the child and the importance of training him aright.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE MEXICAN MISSIONS

Mrs. J. E. McDaniel.

W E ONCE read the story of two men who had spent some time in India. One was a man of the world who was there for the benefit of travel, the other was there as a missionary of God. The one spent some time in the interior hunting tigers, the other's time was spent in declaring our blessed gospel of Christ. On their return the hunter was asked about the country. He replied that it was a God-forsaken land with never a Christian and never a ray of the light of truth, but a splendid place to hunt. "Why, I myself killed forty tigers in the little time I spent there." The missionary, when asked what was being done in India, told of the many noble Christians whose lives were consecrated for the saving of India, of the hundreds already won to Christ, of the light of civilization and education and Christianization that was being poured out upon that land. "Well, did you ever join in the great tiger hunts?" "I have lived many years in India, but I have never seen a tiger."

We see that which we came to find, and lofty souls everywhere will discern God's hand in the movements among the nations. To those whose understanding has been opened, whose souls have attained spiritual illumination, there is nothing surer or grander, nothing of deeper significance than the message God is speaking, through his servants, to heathen peoples.

"And our pulses thrill with the pulse of God,

As we follow the path our Master trod."

So in coming to Monterey we sought to know what God was doing and would have us do for this people. Graciously did he grant us to see how the Spirit had already wrought. We found fourteen consecrated men and women imbued with the spirit of the Master, laboring together in love for the uplifting and salvation of human lives. A school in both the Mexican and English languages, in which are enrolled between three and four hundred children. Daily are these

little ones given the light of education and taught the way of salvation. Twelve religious services are held each week, in which both English and Spanish speaking people are taught the way of life. A printing press is kept busy in publishing "The Way of Peace" and religious tracts.

As we thought upon the immeasurable influence emanating from such a work as this, with subdued hearts we bowed before God, wondering and praising him for that which is being wrought in Mexico. Many and unmistakable are the evidences that the Father's blessing rests upon this work; his Spirit is manifest in the loving devotion of the workers, in the sincerity of their fellowship and co-operation, in the favor in which the school is held by both American and Mexican residents here, by the steady and substantial growth of the school both in numbers enrolled and in effectiveness of work done, and by the souls won to Christ through the ministry here.

Our hearts are both humbled and made glad and our souls filled with yearning desire as we come to realize something of the need and boundless opportunities for service opened to us in this field.

God is at work in Mexico!

"Oh, be swift my tongue to answer him, Be jubilant my feet; Our God is marching on!"

Earnestly, consecratedly, zealously, let us ponder and pray and pay for missions.

ENCOURAGE THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY ORGANIZATIONS

Mattie Pounds.

T HE importance and power of the children's missionary organizations in our churches has not yet been realized by very many of our members. The work already done by the children through the Young People's Department of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions is deserving of consideration and praise. The equipment of the C. W. B. M. mission stations has nearly all been provided by their



PROPOSED NEW MISSION BUILDING AT MONTEREY, MEXICO.

offerings. They have built orphanages, hospitals, dispensaries, chapels, school-houses and dwellings for the missionaries. Tens of thousands of dollars'

ready opened three orphanages in India and one in Porto Rico, and in these 600 girls are being fed and clothed and cared for, are receiving a good education and

ing sacrifice in behalf of the great work which the Master has given to his people.

But not only should the children's missionary organization be encouraged in the few homes in which self-denial is taught and practiced, but by the whole church also. The interest that is shown by the churches in Children's Day and Boys' and Girls' Rally Day has not only been the means of securing large missionary offerings, but has been of inestimable value to the Sunday schools themselves. The national convention has given Easter as a time for bringing the work the children's missionary organizations are doing to the attention of the whole church and calling upon the friends of the children to encourage them by attending their entertainment and giving a liberal collection to help further their work. Will you kindly do these things?

OUR ORPHANAGE WORK IN PORTO RICO

W. M. Taylor.



HE children in the Mission Band Junior Societies are so many angels of mercy to the needy little ones of Porto Rico, feeding and educating and saving the little children born in poverty, ignorance and sin, such as is seldom seen in our own land.

It has been one of the greatest joys of my life to visit the girls' orphanage in Bayamon and see the bright, hopeful faces that were such a short time ago so pallid from hunger—little plump bodies that were so recently bear and naked, the once homeless, fatherless little children now in a comfortable home, and tenderly cared for by Sisters Ford and Collins, who are more than mothers to them; and little souls which were so covered with the leprosy of sin are now made clean and healed by the blood of Jesus and filled with the precious gospel.

Once only vile words passed their lips and their little hearts were filled with sensuality. Now they have Jesus and sing songs of praise to him. They have memorized many chapters of the New Testament, and when they go to visit other children they tell them of Jesus'



MISS MATTIE POUNDS, NAT. SUPT. OF YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

worth of property owned by the association in Jamaica, India, Porto Rico and the United States has been procured by their mites—the little offerings given out of their poverty, which must seem large and blessed in the Master's sight.

The national convention has asked the Young People's Department to do more toward the erection of buildings during the present missionary year than it has ever done during any year of its history. There must be a schoolhouse put up at the mission station at Monterey, Mexico, before the beginning of a new school year that will accommodate 600 or 700 pupils, have assembly rooms for religious services for Mexican and American audiences, provide room for a large dispensary and give space for a printing plant that will prepare a Spanish weekly religious paper and tracts upon our position and our work for use not only in Mexico, but also in all countries in which we have missions where the Spanish language is spoken. The need of providing for the homeless boys as well as the orphan girls in Porto Rico has long been felt by the C. W. B. M. A plantation just out of the city of San Juan has been purchased with the children's funds, and this year they are asked to establish upon it a boys' orphanage and industrial school that will accommodate about one hundred boys. Besides these enterprises, the devastating storm that last August swept over the part of Jamaica where our missions are located and destroyed so many of our chapels and mission residences has laid upon the young people the necessity of doing much building work in that island, as they constitute "the builders" for the C. W. B. M.

The work of the Young People's Department comprises not only the work done by the children in raising the money for buildings, but also that of caring as far as possible for the orphan children of mission lands. It has al-

religious instruction, are being prepared for lives of happiness and usefulness in the Master's service in this world and fitted for the joys and activities of the better world beyond.

And a most important part of the work done by the Junior societies and Mission Bands is teaching the children concerning mission work and the world's great need of it and leading them into an active participation in it. It is most fortunate that the anniversary day of the Junior Societies of Christian Endeavor comes so near the time each year of the beginning of the week of self-denial observed by the women of our churches who are engaged in missionary work. Thus the same self-denial time is kept by the mother and her children. And thus the little ones are being encouraged in the home to earnest work and will-



MISSION HOUSE (BURGESS PLACE) AT KING'S GATE, JAMAICA.

love and pray for them in his name. What a sweet, delightful privilege to have part in this good work and to have the joy of saving pennies to contribute to this splendid work for Jesus!

Now, the Juniors have a good farm of one hundred and fourteen acres about two miles from Boyamon, which I had the honor to help select and buy for them. There are hundreds of little homeless, starving, naked orphan boys just waiting for those who love Jesus to come and save them from disgrace and death. The C. W. B. M. is planning to build a home on this farm large enough to care for 100 of these unfortunate boys; they have given this work to the young people and are waiting for them to raise the money.

Now if all the Juniors will save their money and put it together, it won't be long until this home will be built. Oh, if you could only see these suffering orphans as I have seen them, you would save every penny and give it to Jesus for this work.

It won't be long until this farm can be developed by these orphan boys until it will support both the orphanages, and then the Juniors can take up other work for Jesus. These boys will soon develop into preachers and can lead hundreds of souls to Christ.

No one ever had a better opportunity to lay up treasures in heaven than now, and every cent you put into this needy field will continue to do good and bless humanity for all time. God bless the young people's work.

ARE THE CHILDREN WORTH WHILE?

Jessie Brown Pounds.

ONE OF the greatest weaknesses of the average church lies in its failure to appreciate the work of the children. The children are at work; but the church, through inattention or a lack of appreciation, fails to receive the full benefit from their work.

Recently one of our wisest pastors remarked to me: "In our church we have

a great Sunday-school, but it is no real part of the church. The children come and go; they grow to manhood and womanhood, and go out into the world; and though they may have been regular attendants at the Sunday-school for a dozen years, in many instances they are not bound to the church in any vital way. The church must take the initiative and recognize the value and possibilities of the Sunday-school before its work will count for all there is in it."

It is somewhat so with the Junior Society. Not infrequently one goes into a large church to find some half-discouraged woman working away with the Juniors or the Mission Band, single-handed and alone. In that Society lies the possibility of a church trained to religious expression and missionary activity, but the possibility is lost because it is not recognized. How many of our pastors and church boards have somewhat to answer for at this point!

The church should recognize the work of the children. This work should be reported to the official board and to the congregation. The amount of the children's offerings should be included in the statements of contributions for missions and other benevolences. The children should be made to feel that their work is a part of the regular church work, and that it is recognized as such. At least once each year the Sunday-school and the Junior Society should each have an opportunity to bring their particular missionary work before the whole church. Children's Day is an occasion whose importance is quite generally recognized. The church should feel that the evening of Easter Sunday, when the Juniors and Mission Bands bring their work to the front, is no less important.

These societies are doing a great work. Last year they contributed more than twenty-six thousand dollars for missions. About five hundred orphans, in India and Porto Rico, are supported by them. Thousands of dollars are expended each year in building mission homes, schools and orphanages. In their meetings the chil-

dren are studying the Bible and Missions. They are learning to speak, pray and pay. This is a work worthy of recognition and honor.

Are the children worth while? If they are, let us give them the recognition and appreciation they deserve.

THE MOTHER AND MISSIONS

Anna Robison Atwater.

IN the blue mountains of our dim childhood, toward which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us from thence our life."—Jean Paul Richter.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed."—Prov. 31:28.

Nature has made the mother more than any other the trainer and teacher of her children. I am not forgetful of that class of mothers whom love of leisure or fashion or society has induced "to put out" their children wholly or largely to the molding power of other forces. I am conscious also of that class at the other extreme of life whom "chill penury" forces to neglect the higher natures of their children while all the energy and strength they have goes to the task of supporting a mere physical existence. I think too of still another wretched class defiled, debased. They have lost the mother instinct and their helpless ones wander to gather food and training alike from the filth of things. But it is the province of this paper to speak of the mothers in our ordinary Christian homes, such mothers as are in all of our churches and in all of our auxiliaries. They are with their children more than any one else is; they understand them better; they love them most.

The child's idea of the mother gives her a vantage ground that no other may hope to gain. See his baby eyes watch her movements. She is his sum total of loveliness and satisfaction—his "sum-mum bonum." How natural has the past made the man as he ordered his mother's picture from his childhood recollection of her: "A lady loveliest ever



GIRLS' ORPHANAGE, BAYAMON, PORTO RICO.

the sun looked down upon." And, as in his ardor he pushes the description of her eyes, her smile, her sweetness and grace, he halts suddenly with:

"I need not speak these foolish words; Yet one word tells you all I would say—

She is my mother; you will agree

That all the rest may be thrown away."

It never seemed strange to me that the little girl whose mother had taught her the golden text, "I am the light of the world," should have stood unembarrassed and confident before the Sunday school and repeated: "My mamma is the light of the world." For in our earliest years do not the mother and the loving father seem to compare in themselves all that our minds are able to grasp of Omnipotence? In the darkness the sound of their voices means perfect safety. Childhood griefs are soon forgotten when mother kisses and comforts, and frightful dreams pass at the touch of her hand. All this makes the mother in a special way the teacher and trainer of her children. I think it not out of place to apply Holland's dictum with a slight paraphrase: "Why, a mother should be the strongest and most angelic person that breathes. No one living is entrusted with such precious material. No one living can do so much to set human life to a noble tune."

Have Christian women, blessed with the care of children, ever regretted the narrowness of their sphere of life? Who has a larger sphere, a greater opportunity, a nobler privilege? I fancy that among the ambitions of life there is none more common than the ambition to impress upon the thought and lives of others the truths and ideals which we value in our own lives. The privilege of the mother to multiply through her children the sentiments and hopes and motives of her life is a privilege indeed. If she is herself a force for good in the world, what can be comparable to it?

In Paul's heart to heart letter to Timothy he speaks of the "unfeigned faith" which is in Timothy and says it "dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice." And he reminds him "that from a babe thou hast known the sacred writings which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." And down through the centuries many of the gospel heroes have been able to trace the beginnings of their faith back to what they heard from a mother's lips and what they saw and felt in a mother's life.

Because of the possibilities that lie in the deep and lasting influences of the mothers in our churches and auxiliaries the Christian Woman's Board of Missions makes its appeal to them for strong help and support in the great work we are trying to do with the children and young people among us. You mothers more than any others can bring success to the work. It needs you every one. We have under our care more than twenty-seven hundred mission bands and junior and intermediate societies. In these we try to accomplish two things at the same time. We try to use the power that lies in the children and young people to do a great service. We try to educate them in practical missionary work.

For ages science has devoted itself to

controlling and utilizing the force that nature supplies on every hand. I was interested in reading recently of a man who attempted to use the power there is in mice to run a thread mill. He claimed to make it a success. We may smile at his effort as extreme; but it has its lesson. Christian workers in time past have neglected to call into use many forces both great and small that might have been successfully used to push on the great work of spreading the gospel. The hope, the energy, the sympathy that are found in the children, since they have been directed in the right way, have proven of great worth to our missionary work. Study the reports and you will be surprised to learn what the children have done in building homes and orphanages and schools. My sisters, this work among our children deserves a stronger support and a keener interest from us than it is getting today. Great as is this first-named object of our societies, the second is still greater—the education of our children to be intelligent, practical missionary Christians. More and more is the success of missions depending on education. If one believes in the mission of Jesus to this world, believes in his sufficiency for the healing of the nations, that alone would make him a missionary. But if he adds to this a knowledge of the different peoples of the earth, their condition, their possibilities, their needs, and investigates carefully the results of gospel work wherever it has been carried, he will be a missionary of the Paul type, believing that the gospel has been committed to him for others and that he is appointed to his service. Such an education do we desire to give the children and young people of our societies.

I want to mention a few things by which the mothers have been exceedingly helpful in the past, by which they may yet double and treble the work of the young people. (1) By seeing that they attend the meetings regularly. (2) By encouraging their gifts and their earnings that they may give. (3) By guiding their reading and study. (4) By frequent attendance at their meetings. (5) By constant interest. (6) By helping in the leadership of the meetings. (7) By showing their own faith always.

As a rule children like to attend the meetings; but if we grow careless about their going, the result is much the same that it would be if their attendance on the day school were left wholly to their feelings and inclinations. They would stay out one day for a picnic, a second day because they don't know where the lesson is and all the week because they have lost interest. Learning to give is one of the greatest lessons in life. How much of every noble life is made up of giving—giving money, giving time, giving self. As to teaching children to give of their money, I am satisfied that many good parents are entirely neglectful. They give themselves and expect their children will do the same when they come into management of large affairs. I have a theory that as soon as a child is old enough to own or to earn anything he ought to be taught that a part of it is to go to help some one less fortunate than himself, is to be given "to one of these least" and so to Christ. Is that just good for a theory, or is it real, practical sense? Children love to give.

They are not ashamed of the smallness of the gift and they are able even to make sacrifice with gladness and all the time their own hearts expand and their lives are enriched. While we teach them all manner of useful life lessons, let us not fail to teach them to give.

By choosing helpful books for the children to read, by giving as often as possible to their meetings, by showing an active interest always in the work they are doing, we may be very useful. I have spoken of helping in the leadership of our organizations. This should appeal just as strongly to women who are not mothers as to the mothers. Children need leadership. Their nature is to follow. They will follow some piper into a mountain cave if he pipes to their taste. But they will go just as readily into the church or the Christian home at the call of sweet music or interesting stories from the Bible or from the mission fields. And the personality of some tactful, loving leader with real human nature in her draws them most of all. When an organization fails you may be sure it was a failure in the leadership. And this is frequent. Oh, the pity of it! Our auxiliaries should feel the responsibility of this work resting upon them. Let us visit these meetings more, be ready with some helpful talk for the children and some words of appreciation for what they are doing. And let us not forget to help those leaders in every way. Their task is not light or unimportant. Let us hold up their hands and sometimes relieve them of their burden. The work will pay. It will surely bring its harvest.

Show your faith always to the children. You believe that the promises of God are sure. You believe that some sweet day the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Let the children know this faith of yours and let them know the exceeding blessedness of helping on that consummation. "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Macedonia Depot, Ohio.

INDIA'S GREATEST NEEDS

Mary Kingsbury.

ONE third of the population of India are children under fourteen years of age. What an opportunity is here presented then for effectual service for God! To teach the Word of God to the young and to lead them into the way of life everlasting through Jesus Christ, who alone is the way, the truth and the life, is the great need in this land. We are never more divinely engaged than when teaching and training the "little ones." We are commanded to make disciples of the nations. Then let us see to it that the children are taught. Do we wish to deliver the millions of India from the cruel bondage of caste and superstition and all the train of evils following their false religion? Do we wish to rouse them from the paralyzing and deadening influence of custom? We can do this most effectually by taking the children and teaching them, "line upon line, precept upon precept," the pure and matchless wisdom of the Son of God.

Oh, the unutterable pathos of the lives of these millions! Who can picture

it? So many are poor and oppressed, outcast and despised. So many are ignorant and in darkness and in the valley of the shadow of death, and yet how much there is which we cannot see! Suppose we could by some power of magic draw aside the heavy purdah that veils the home life of hundreds and thousands and millions of the people of India. The revelation would be too great. The tragedy of sin and suffering and hopeless bondage of caste and idolatrous custom would surpass our powers of realization. But we also have a bright picture to look upon. Many Christian homes are being established. Twenty-five bright young women have gone out from this orphanage during the last eight years into homes illumined by the gospel of Christ—homes where the Bible is read and loved, where prayer is made and thanksgiving offered for daily blessings; where songs of praise are heard and the name of the true God revered and glorified before the heathen. Who can calculate their influence and their power to proclaim salvation through Christ?

Bilaspur, India, Feb. 11, 1904.

SCHOOL WORK IN BILASPUR, INDIA

Florence A. Mills.

The girls' school in Bilaspur was opened in 1887 by Miss Mary Kingsbury in that part of the city which is called Chata Para. For some time previous a small school had been conducted in this place by a certain sect of Hindoos, one of whom was a friend to the missionaries, and on his advice the work was given over voluntarily to Miss Kingsbury. At the time that she assumed charge of the school there were not more than twelve girls enrolled, and a prominent Hindoo of the place prophesied that perhaps some time there would be as many as eighty girls in the school. This bit of early history I have written in order that the reader may compare the beginnings with the work as we have it to-day.

In Miss Kingsbury's hands the work grew and prospered and gradually more children were enrolled. The years of famine came and upon Miss Kingsbury fell the responsibility of making a home for the starving orphan children. As

these increased in number and became old enough, they entered the school and at the same time others of the Hindoos and Mohammedans began to desire that their daughters should receive instructions. Mrs. Lohr was called to take charge of the school work in 1893 and Miss Kingsbury, relieved of that burden, has been an untiring mother to the girls in the orphanage. Except the year which was spent at home on furlough,

school and day school, the children are being instructed in things both temporal and spiritual. The great majority of the orphanage girls who are old enough for school have become Christians and although they are but "babes in Christ" and have not yet attained to the full-grown stature of Christian womanhood, yet there is the leavening influence at work and the future holds the fullness of our hopes. More than twenty



SCHOOL CHAPEL, DEOGHUR, INDIA.

when Miss Burgess had charge of the school, Mrs. Lohr has continued in the work until the present time, and those who know of her work will agree that she may be justly proud of the high standard of excellence to which she has brought the school. There are at present about 180 girls enrolled in the Chata school, 100 of these are from the orphanage and 80 from outside homes—a fulfillment of the prophecy above referred to. But that prophet of seventeen years ago did not foresee all the good things which should attend the work. The awful years of famine brought experiences which tried the hearts and weakened the bodies of the missionaries, but by means of those experiences there was given into their hands the material out of which they should erect a magnificent temple for Christ.

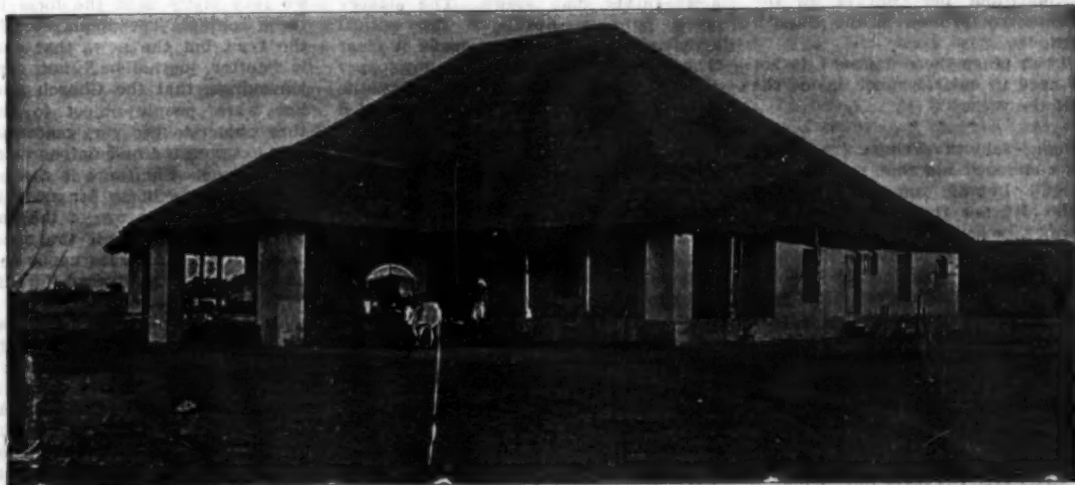
In the orphanage home, the Sunday

ty of these girls have passed out from the orphanage and school and are wives and mothers in Christian homes of their own. With their marriage their work does not stop, but each in her place is able to pass on the blessings which she has received.

It is a mark of distinction for a girl to possess a teacher's certificate or even to have passed the fourth standard, and one who has progressed so far is assured of a place of honor and respect among the people with whom she lives.

But what of the girls who come to school from Hindoo and Mohammedan homes? Here, too, the seed is sown, and here also we discern the buds of hope. A few days ago a letter was received from one of these girls who attended the school for several years, but who is now living in another city.

(Continued on page 290.)



A BUNGALOW AT BELASPUR, INDIA.

The Church and the Press

IT WAS just about 200 years ago that a newspaper became first established on the American continent. But journalism began in Europe about the time the Pilgrim Fathers came to America and in 1639 the first printing press was brought to Massachusetts Bay, though it was not allowed to be used for printing the news or even the laws for a long time. The first American newspaper was printed in 1690 at Boston, but the adventurous citizen, one Benjamin Harris, was promptly forbidden by the colonial authorities to issue a second number. In 1704, however, was published the Boston News Letter, in the form of a half-sheet about 12x8 inches, printed in two columns, and appearing weekly until the troubles of 1776. A second Boston paper, one in Philadelphia and another in New York, had appeared by 1725. It required nearly thirty years to increase these four papers to nine, and although the number had increased to 37 by the time of the Declaration of Independence, there was not a single daily newspaper in America until 1784. But the great increase since may be seen from the fact that at the beginning of the 19th century there was one newspaper for every 26,450 inhabitants, while at its close there was one for every 3,600 inhabitants. With a total of over 21,000 periodicals, there was in the census year an aggregate of over 8,000,000,000 copies circulated, making about 108 copies for every inhabitant. The value of the finished product, according to the government report, was over \$347,000,000, and the total capital invested in the 22,312 establishments, 15,305 of which print or publish newspapers, was nearly \$300,000,000. Almost \$37,000,000 were paid out in salaries to 37,799 officials, clerks, etc., while the actual work is done by 162,992 persons, drawing \$84,249,954 in wages. Miscellaneous expenses of those establishments were nearly \$56,000,000, and the cost of material used was nearly \$87,000,000. The mere white paper for printing the newspapers alone weighed almost 570,000 tons. Were all the printers compressed into one we would have a colossus 338 feet high and shaped in proportion. Ninety-four per cent of all the publications are printed in the English language.

If you can grasp these figures I do not think I need to enlarge much upon "the power of the press."

"Enough," said the Prince; "you have already convinced me that no man can be a poet." But did you ever meet any man who did not think that editing a paper was a rather simple problem?

We all cherish ideals, though they may differ in value and degree. My ideal religious paper may not be yours, and your ideal daily paper may not be that of most secular journalists. Personally when I hear the ideal paper discussed I always think of Plato's statement about the ideal city existing only in heaven. There may be a perfect newspaper in the better

*A paper read before the Chicago Disciples' Ministerial Association by Paul Moore on March 21, 1904.



PAUL MOORE.

kingdom, but I am not looking for it here.

In any survey of the press we must remember that the contents of a newspaper must not always be ascribed to the personal preferences of its editors. For what is the mission of the journalist?

The viewpoint in the profession in America has greatly changed since the time of Horace Greeley, and not, I believe, altogether with design. That great man could make or unmake a politician with a single editorial article. In the early days a letter from a man of national reputation was considered far more important than any amount of news. It was a day of editorial scraps and vituperation, when news came in slowly by letter and travelers. More sting was put into the editorial and party lines were closely drawn. Then came James Gordon Bennett with the idea of an independent paper that should hunt news rather than views. The slavery issue, however, developed the critical article, but the civil war made it clear that the chief function of the newspaper of the future would be to print the news, and mechanical invention aided the new idea. Telegraph, cable, telephone, rapid transit and the wonderful improvement in printing and typesetting machinery all conspired to revolutionize the daily paper. When Bennett started the New York Herald nearly all the newspapers in the country were printed on handpresses, one side at a time, and 500 copies was thought a large circulation. But before the end of the century a New York paper was turning out from its great octuple presses—which print, fold, cut, paste and count out the completed copies at the rate of 90,000 eight-page papers an hour—half a million copies daily, while a London paper prints one million. The competition to get the news developed a new type of journal—a business proposition. To-day nine out

of every ten journals in America are ruled by the counting room and not by the literary staff. They are run as business enterprises, much the same as department stores, and not primarily to fight for political or social policies. And we cannot reasonably find fault with this provided the paper is conducted as a high-class business ought to be conducted, though we may lament the fact that the public's pennies and the advertisers' dollars are of more consideration than the vital issues of public and private life. But the fact is that the public gets very much the kind of a paper it pays for, and by bestowing its patronage here or there does more than all the editors combined to shape the policy of the press. Hence if our secular papers are in some respects far from a reasonable ideal the Church that would rectify this must look beyond the editorial sanctum to the crowd on the street, as well as to the proprietors.

Personally I do not agree with Sir Leslie Stephens' opinion that the "chief part of an editor's duty consists in acting as 'Dry-as-dust.'" I believe his most important function should be that of both a missionary and an apostle. I see no reason why the newspaper man may not only be the historian of contemporary events and a reflector of the people, and yet perform the functions also of leader, educator, director and representative of the people. The journal of to-day has a greater mission than to be so much ephemeral gossip and news introduced by a sermon in which the preacher calls himself "we."

I have no general attack to make upon the Press. Considered in the light of its conductor's viewpoint, there are a great many more things to be said in its favor than against it, and the Church can gain more from it by a sympathetic appreciation of its good points than by hysterical criticism of its glaring faults. It is always safe to attack the Press, but when we decry "sensational" journalism let us be careful that the newsboy has not handed us the "special edition" with the big type. That's the paper the butcher boy and the cook read, yet if its contents be but decent I do not know that we may justly fight the form in which these contents are displayed. It is not the type, but the news that counts. It is "gutter journalism," not sensational journalism, that the Church must fight. For when people object to sensations they object to the very material of life. The exaggerated and untrue ought to be frowned on. But there is a sensationalism justifiable in so far as it is necessary to arrest the eye of the public and compel them to admit the necessity of action. One sometimes needs to print in capitals. Had the Record-Herald and the Tribune and the Chronicle on Monday morning of last week each abolished their editorial small type and printed one striking "leader" across their page in big type, taking for the theme the midnight meeting of the car barn murderers in a saloon, 400,000 Chicagoans would have been surprised at the editors, but I venture to think there would have been no such reactionary and foolish a comment. (Continued on page 290.)

Tulsi—a True Story of India

By Adelaide
Gail Frost

ALL day long it was just the same and the to-morrows stretched out their dusty lengths as dry and hopeless as the yesterdays. No cool, gray clouds spread their refreshing folds across the brazen heavens, no evening mist was glorified by the crimson and gold of the afterglow. It was weeks past the time for the beginning of the rainy season and dusty famine marked Despair crouched by many a poor hut even that first year. In a little village near Bina the Brahmin priest, strange to hear, was among the first to suffer. It was very well when pulse and rice were plentiful to give the village priest an offering, but when the heavens were shut up and the painted gods in the temple of their ancestors did not hear the prayers the priest mumbled there, when they were all gone to sleep and his puja bell did not waken them, when they, the people, were dying themselves of hunger how could they feed him? He was a Brahmin. I wish I could make you hear the proud roll of those letters on the tongue of a "holy man." He would not eat food touched by the out caste nor cooked by one of lower caste. All his life he and his family had been supported by the people; he had even been worshipped by them as a god, now he would die rather than eat "unclean" food on which, perhaps, a pariah's shadow had fallen! Should he, the temple's priest, toll for food? No, it were better to sit down under the sacred pipal tree and die. But the wife and mother was the first to grow weak and weaker, and upon whose forehead it was written, so she believed, to die. Her little daughter Tulsi, named for the sacred plant that ever grew in their court, wept hungry and heart sore. Her only brother, Baldev (strong god), a tall lad several years her senior, said he would care for her as their father sat all day in the hot sunshine mumbling "Ram, Ram, Ram!" on his wooden rosary, though he said the gods had forsaken him, and he, too, was doomed to die, which, one day, when rain could no longer be hoped for that year, he did. Baldev came back from the burning ghat where his father's ashes lay and told his little sister, aged about eight, that he would go away and find work, that he would not sit down and die in the shadow of the temple of their forefathers. He would go and get them both food. She looked up in fright; where would he go and when would he return? "I shall go to the railway station and ask the Sahibs for work," he told her. "You await my return." He went away and she watched his familiar figure, slender with drooping shoulders, which he tried to straighten as he walked away, out into his starving India. The hot autumn days went by, the old priest's daughter received scant portions from the neighbors. Her little heart was lonely and she often burned with fever. One day it came to her that she would go and find her brother. Had he not told her of the iron rails that made a road for a huge fire wagon? She would find this strange road and Baldev perhaps.

It was a pathetic little figure that stole out of the village very early one morning, very thin with that unchildlike droop



ADELAIDE GAIL FROST.

to the shoulders; the fairer skin of the Brahmin was drawn tightly over her fine, sharp features; she was going into the unknown to find her brother. She found the iron rails which stretched across the plain till they disappeared in a streak of light behind a rocky hill that rose abruptly. She followed them with her little burning feet until she saw some large terra cotta colored buildings and a few white bungalows. It was Bina Station, though she could not read the letters of her own language that stared at her from a white board by the station. A coolie lounged on the platform and she asked for her brother. No one paid much attention to the miserable child trembling with hunger and fright. After awhile some one pointed out a large stone building in full view and said, "They are good to children there; go to them." She walked on and found admittance at once. No children were turned from that gate. She could scarcely speak to the missionary, who asked her kindly if she had any friends and what she wanted. "I have no one!" she said, all in a tremble. "And you are hungry, poor child. The Bai will give you food. Would you like to be cared for?" Tulsi was soon in charge of a little native woman, who was very busy with about a dozen other girls, some of them very tiny, but Tulsi did not eat that night. The next morning she helped make the bread and ate ravenously. There were preparations going on and before Tulsi came out of her wonder (she was told the children were all going to a nice place together and Bonabai, the little woman, and her family were going too). She followed her new friends and with the other children was placed for the first time on a railway train. Some of the girls were frightened and cried. How the new kind of wagon shook and "spoke" in such a terrible way. It was still like a dream to Tulsi, from which she must waken, and yet the girls stayed with her, and they were all put off together at another red station, which they called "Mahoba." Another friendly white face looked kindly upon

her before an unfinished bungalow. A bed and food were given her and the girls were told this was to be their home. One little girl asked, "Shall we have food every day?" They sang a song at evening, which Tulsi had never before heard. It was about a new strange God and she liked it. It began, "Jesus has saved my life!" That night she lay and thought awhile. Where was Baldev? Should she ever find him now? This was a good place, her bedding and clothes were new. Baldev might be in need of what his little sister had in abundance. Perhaps the kind "Mama Jee" would give Baldev food and clothes too. Was Baldev hungry as she had been those hot days following the iron rails? She moved restlessly; perhaps the fever was coming on again. "Jesus has saved my life," Jesus—Jesus—Jesus! She had never heard that name before, but it seemed to soothe her. She saw no images, no idols anywhere, and yet they sang in praise of their God; a good God who helped them across a dangerous river, who was very strong and who was a father to orphans. It rested her to think of "a father for orphans," and she fell asleep. A few days passed, with plenty of food and kind words, but none knew what was going on the child's heart. She was a quiet, reserved and seemingly languid child, but no one thought it strange that she seemed weary. One morning word was brought to the mission mother that Tulsi was gone. It was a new work, building was going on, there were abundant opportunities for any one to get away who so wished. Having the girls at all was an anxiety, but who could refuse any refuge in those days of threatening famine! Weeks went by and the child did not return, but one day a native policeman came, piloting along a little prodigal. When the mission mother saw the runaway her eyes filled with tears. Tulsi had been slender and pale before, but now she was a skeleton, and her hair was gone, her whole body neglected, and something like despair on her face. "Why did you runaway?" No answer, and it was years before we knew. She was ill and her strength did not come back. Dr. Durand took her to his hospital in Har-da and sent her back a different looking child. She never went away again, but was unlike the other children. She was the last of the older girls to become a Christian, and then her heart was too full of love and longing to be silent. She told her story to one who mothered her and why she had seemed discontented and ungrateful. "Now," she said, "I pray that though I may never see my brother if he still lives, he may find some one who will tell him of my Saviour."

We have never been able to trace him, the awful famine that followed has taken so many from every village. Tulsi is a tall, slender girl, who, though born of a caste that hates the sweeper-out caste does willingly as her share of the work the sweeping of the school chapel. With many "sisters" she goes on out of mists of unchildlike sorrow and want and even terror into the clear shining of the Light of the World.

AT THE CHURCH

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR By CHARLES BLANCHARD

JESUS' WORK FOR HIS OWN COUNTRY.

What I Can Do for Mine.
Topic March 27—Matt. 4:23-25; Matt. 23:23-27.

HE CAME unto his own, and his own received him not," is the significant but sorrowful statement of John the Beloved. It is pathetic with heartbreak and burning. He came to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. He had compassion on the multitude, for he had beheld them as sheep without a shepherd. And yet despite all his love for his own, and his appeals, and the preaching of the Gospel of the Kingdom by his disciples, the nation rejected him. At first there "followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan." But the populace is always fickle. Jesus told them the simple truth when he said, "Ye followed me, not because ye saw the signs, but because ye did eat of the loaves and fishes and were filled." And the problem of the loaves and fishes is still a serious one in all efforts to evangelize and spiritualize the masses. It is not the problem of the slums, alone, but of the vast bulk of mankind—temporal things still blind the soul to the spiritual and the ethereal. It is this fact of mammonism that makes the evangelization of our own country supremely difficult, and yet supremely important. Here in the United States is the conflict between the Gospel of Grace and the god of this world—greed, with all the vile and vicious effects of this well-nigh universal passion for gain, to be found in all its intensity. We are in the crisis of the centuries—the same old conflict, reinforced by the exaggerated materialism of this age. Perhaps no other era of the world's history has been so overwhelmingly materialistic as this in which we live, and in our own favored country. The fact that we are especially favored, in manifold ways, increases our cancer and multiplies our responsibilities. We are set in the forefront of the battle, not for bread, but for brotherhood. The solemn crisis of this twentieth century is upon us. And we must choose between bread and brotherhood. The question is, shall we narrow life down to the bread alone basis, and degrade the great idea and ideal of brotherhood to that basis also, or shall we exalt the conception of brotherhood to include the spiritual and eternal things. The union that we need to-day is

THE UNION OF CHRIST'S OWN to emphasize the spiritual supremacies. Without this better idea and ideal of brotherhood, I fear the issue of the conflict between combined capital and organized labor. Only the conception of brotherhood embodied in the Golden Rule, and exemplified in the union of all God's people to evangel-

ize and educate and elevate the masses and classes, to unify their sympathies and interests, and spiritualize their aspirations, to direct and control their moral energies, can bring abiding good, the plenty of his providence, his mercy and his peace unto all the people. And now is the day of grace, of duty and of destiny for us and ours.

THE BIBLE SCHOOL By CARLOS C. ROWLISON

LESSON I., APRIL 3—JESUS VISITS TYRE AND SIDON.

Jesus' Universalism.

WHY was Jesus not narrow and provincial? He seems never to have gone beyond the strictest limits of Palestine except on this little journey. And what a limited view of the great world beyond he had here! Yet he is the most cosmopolitan of men. His religion is suited for every nation quite as much as for Israel. His message and life are the satisfaction of every heart. How can these things be possible to one with his limited horizon? They were possible because Jesus was one with the eternal God. Recognizing only the one God who lives in all his universe, and that the essential characteristic of God is Fatherhood—his love—Jesus could not but perceive the kinship of all mankind. And so he was able to found a universal religion, a religion of universal love, which claims and must finally receive the homage of every heart.

A Home Missionary.

And yet what an intense love he had for his own people. His ministry was to them and he never ran away from his duty nor wished for a larger field. Here is a great lesson for our restlessness. Who of us is not neglecting his duty while longing for the larger opportunity. We unfit ourselves for our real work by spending our time in regrets that our life is so circumscribed. The large city appeals to us, and so we rush off from the small communities to the cities, forgetting that Jesus and Peter and John came from obscure localities. Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau and many other of our greatest Americans lived in a little Massachusetts village. It is better to have a part in shaping the character of an Abraham Lincoln than to enjoy all the flurry and "opportunities" of a cosmopolitan community. That is to say, the true disciple of Christ will be a great lover of his own and be faithful to the humble duties which often seem so arduous and so unrewarding.

To the Unemployed.

What a demand the world makes upon the man who can satisfy its needs! The man who has nothing to contribute to the world's betterment is out of employment. But the man who equips himself to alleviate the world's sufferings, to bring enlightenment instead of the world's ignorance, who feeds the hungry, and so does the world's work, marvels

that there can be any idle hands. Jesus found no rest in a strange land. The multitudes followed him to the mountains when he sought a few hours of quietness with his disciples. Fill your life full of service for your fellows and the world will keep you busy.

THE PRAYER-MEETING By SILAS JONES

LOVE FOR THE BRETHREN.

Topic March 29-April 1—John 13:34-35; 1 Pet. 1:17-25—The Newness of Love.

LOVE has had a new meaning since Jesus lived among men. Men had loved their wives and children and friends before the time of Jesus. They had experienced the joy of denying themselves for the sake of those whom they held dear to themselves. To them had come the anguish of defeated love. Yet Jesus could say, "A new commandment I give unto you." The words were not new, but there was a new meaning in them. The meaning was put into the words by the life of the Lord. Never had it been revealed to the sons of men that there was such love as that which came to earth in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. Since the time of Jesus it has been the desire of his disciples to know the riches of their Master's love. There is always something new to learn. The saints and heroes of the church have much to teach us concerning the love which passes understanding, but they have not the last word to speak. For our Lord is ever making fresh disclosures of himself to his faithful ones and every fresh disclosure adds to our knowledge of love.

The Standard of Love.

How much shall I love my brethren? Shall I ask what other followers of the Lord have done and from them learn the strength of Christian feeling? I may do this if I select as my teachers those whose lives are most unselfish. I cannot very well learn the truth of Christianity without the help of the man who makes an honest effort to do the will of Christ. But there is danger that I shall be found excusing myself because I know some one who has not done as well as I have done. I may feel at liberty to withhold my sympathy from some one for whom Christ died if I look to men as examples in all things. Instead of the generous feeling that goes out in words of encouragement and correction and in deeds of helpfulness, there may be the cool calculation of selfishness. I can save myself from the tolls of selfishness if I get my inspiration from the Master. I must ask whether he would have no hope for the person whom I am about to deny my sympathy.

The Witnessing Power of Love.

Everywhere members of our churches are asking how the church may win the multitudes to Christ. They inquire after the most successful methods. They often send for an evangelist whose fame has

(Continued on page 298.)

Bible Study Union Notes

Blakeslee Old Testament Biographical Lessons for 1904. Copyright, 1903, by Bible Study Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Lesson for April 3—Moses the Liberator
—Israel's Departure from Egypt—
Scripture Section, Ex. 12:37—15:21.

I. HISTORICAL NOTES.

By Dean Frank K. Sanders, D. D., Yale University.

The Real Deliverer.

THE keynote of the story of the exodus is the deliverance of the children of Israel by Jehovah. To the nation in after generations it was no happy combination of circumstances nor a carefully formulated scheme originated and executed by Moses that set the Israelites free to wander where they would, but the deliberate exhibition of divine forethought and energy. It is natural for us in an age which insists upon knowing the immediate causes of every achievement to turn our attention to the human actors and to the actual sequence of events. The Hebrew mind was satisfied with the assurance that the directive personality was God. Upon this glorious theme their writers poured out their souls in ecstasy. The deliverance was a divine affair, the triumph of Jehovah over the power of Egypt's gods. Any such contest seems absurd to us of to-day, when we give it real consideration, for there were no Egyptian gods with any such power. But those who lived in the age of Moses believed fully in the existence and local importance of Egypt's gods. It seemed to them that Jehovah had won a great victory over these gods, and both those who participated in the deliverance and those who came after vied in expressions of grateful praise.

The Song of Moses.

This is well illustrated by the dramatic poem of the fifteenth chapter of Exodus. It makes glad acknowledgment of Jehovah's might, put forth to deliver and protect his people, so significant an exhibition of his purpose and power that those who oppose their execution may well tremble, whether individuals or peoples. "Who is like unto thee, O Jehovah, among the gods? Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" (15:11.)

The Passover.

The formal expression by the Israelitish nation in after generations of this gratitude was at the feast of the Passover. Most students think that the Passover memorial feast was the transformation and appropriation of an earlier people's feast, which was itself of the greatest popularity and significance. A corresponding appropriation and reinterpretation for religious ends of an earlier custom is found in circumcision, which did not originate with the Israelites, but was given a special significance among them.

The Route of the Exodus.

Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull's study of the Biblical data relating to this journey toward the desert in the appendix to "Kadesh-barnea" has never been surpassed in clearness and acute suggestion. The historical facts are obscured by the blending in chapters 13 to 15 of several accounts of the deliverance, each

like the first three Gospel accounts of the life of Jesus, from a distinct point of view. They sum up into a speedy assembling of the Israelites at a rendezvous; their advance to the border of Egypt; a delay, due either to a change of plan (13:17) or to the difficulty of finding a practical passageway unguarded by the line of fortresses which the Egyptian sovereigns in those days of menace from the East maintained; the determination of Pharaoh to follow and reclaim them, and the overtaking of the Israelites by the Egyptian forces at the very edge of the water barrier.

The Crossing of the Sea.

The oldest testimony to the passage of the Israelites out of Egyptian bondage into the freedom of the desert is given by the poem in Exodus 15. This testifies to the marvelous escape of the people led by Moses in a way which pointed directly to God's immediate aid, and to a corresponding disaster which befell the troops of Egypt. The prose narratives blended in chapter 14 indicate that an opportunity to cross the water barrier came unexpectedly and that the Israelites were able to take advantage of it, while the army perished. It is quite impossible for any one at the present day to determine exactly what happened. The actual deliverance, however, is the most important fact. The Israelites did get free, because Jehovah gave them timely help. This they never forgot. It became a great upbuilding, soul-stirring theme, which may be traced in the religious thinking of their representative men. Like the missionary outlook and impulse of the present age, the demonstration of divine goodness and greatness through this great deliverance sustained and stimulated the inner religious life of Israel.

II. EXPOSITORY NOTES.

By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, D. D., Northfield, Mass.

This study introduces us to a new period in the history of the Hebrew people. The bondage of their slavery is broken, and they are no longer a subservient people. The great theocratic ideal is now being realized, and in its first stages manifested to other nations. A nation of six hundred thousand men, besides women and children, is seen here under the direct government of God, the King of kings. It is a wonderful spectacle, and these first movements are radiant in their revelation of the splendor of such a government. The people themselves are revealed in all their weakness and imperfection. God is manifested in his majesty and wisdom. Moses is seen in all the strength resulting from his long preparation. Supreme interest attaches to the vision of God. Let us therefore first consider that vision, glancing in conclusion at Moses and the people.

The Great King Jehovah.

Immediately the nation has left Egypt itself, God asserts his sovereignty over them and arranges that the sense of it shall be kept alive by the institution of a feast to be annually observed in commemoration of the fact that he deliv-

ered them, and by claiming as specially devoted to himself the first born of man and beast. These are sacramental symbols of the relation of the nation to himself, and it is of special interest to note that the feast is arranged as an object lesson for the children of coming generations, in order that by explaining its meaning the fathers may pass on the great and all important truth. The King is seen as directing the moments of the nation with great wisdom and irresistible power.

The circuitous route of their marching has a meaning. They are not taken the near way through the Philistines' country, because they are unprepared for war, and fear might take possession of them. They are led into a place of apparent danger in order that their hardened and brutal foe may be brought to destruction. The picture of the two hosts and the two kings is full of color and of fire. It presents on the one hand the splendidly equipped forces of Pharaoh with all the signs and sounds of worldly strength, and on the other the poor crowd of escaped slaves led and guarded by the mystic majesty of the pillar of cloud and fire.

The vengeance of Jehovah in the destruction of the Egyptians is seen moving with irresistible force, infinite precision and poetic justice. No wonder that poetry and song celebrated the glorious triumph, for the whole movement manifests the glory of God, and the absolute safety and unconquerable strength of a God-governed people.

The Nation.

Apart from the King how weak and contemptible these people are, crying out in panic-stricken fear and rebellious murmuring in the first place of peril, and joining in the song of glad triumph within so short a space! Yet it is well to remember how slavery debases any people. The supreme value of the whole history of the Hebrews is not that of the revelation of the greatness of a people, but that of the greatness of God as a King; and their very failure does but serve as a background to throw into brighter relief the divine glory.

Moses.

The strength of Moses is seen in his attitude toward the people and toward God. Toward them he is calm, dignified and confident. In the presence of God he is anxious, submissive and obedient. His fear was not manifest to the crowd. It was expressed in his cry to his God. The triumph of such relationship to God and man on the part of this appointed leader is expressed in the great anthem of praise which followed the deliverance through the sea. It is unmatched as a stately expression of dignified triumph and vindicated trust.

Learn.

How essential it is to be comprehensive in our outlook—God, the nation, its leaders. Omit God, and we lose sight of the divine purpose in human life. Too often this is our mistake. The people inspire no hope, and the leaders are powerless against national weakness and temper. Look at finite weakness through infinite power, and there will be move-
(Continued on page 290.)

Among the New Books

The Brook in the Pasture, by John H. Elliott. The Winona Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; 25c.

This is a devotional study of the Twenty-third Psalm. The thoughts are pure; the style is chaste and clean; the printing and binding are beautiful. Those who are making a collection of devotional books and all who love the Shepherd Psalm should have this exquisite little volume.

The Divine Processional, by David Wortman. Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago, has been received.

This poem, so deep in religious feeling and so clear in scientific insight, deserves a more careful review than we can give it without a second reading. We quote here only a few lines from the author's introduction. "This undertaking differs from the Reliques (a former poem by the same author) in motif and form. The former assumed the spiritual attitude of the reader, and without argument sought to interpret this and develop that which is richest in personal experience and hope. The present poem is a bolder hazard. The author believes that the age with all its enthusiasm in scientific and religious inquiry demands a certain religious treatment of the modern knowledges and a certain scientific treatment of the best religious thought and passion. The Divine Processional is the result of years of rich religious experience and ripe scientific study.

American Problems, by Joseph A. Vance. The Winona Publishing Company, Chicago; price, 75 cents net.

The table of contents alone should awaken interest in this solid book of over two hundred and fifty pages: The Negro, The Labor Question, The Liquor Question, etc. In the discussion of these and other important problems Mr. Vance appeals to facts. His style is clear, his language vigorous and his treatment fair. In treating the negro he says the problem is distinctly national. Colorado and Ohio have their lynchings as well as Mississippi and Texas. Illinois and New York have their race riots as well as Alabama and Georgia. Selecting two competent students of the negro problem Mr. Wilcox of Massachusetts and Mr. Winston of North Carolina, he finds they both arrived at the following conclusions: 1. The negro is the most criminal element of our population, being three times as criminal as the native white and one and one-half times as criminal as the foreign white population. 2. The negro is constantly increasing in criminality, being more criminal as a free man than as a slave and one-third more criminal in 1890 than in 1880. 3. The negro is more than three times as criminal in the North as in the South, and the negroes who can read and write furnish a larger per cent of criminals than the illiterate, a thing which is true of no other element of our population. Showing the futility of trying to save the negro by giving him a few scraps of social privileges and a classical education. Mr. Vance says: "Proceeding on the supposition that the negro was only a white man with a black

skin, it was argued that all the negro needed was a white man's higher education and social privileges. Those who knew the negro most intimately were skeptical about this, but many monied philanthropists insisted on it strenuously, and so we took to it as a nation. The effort was made on a magnificent scale. According to the reports of Commissioner Harris for 1896-7, the South since 1870 has spent one hundred million dollars of its tax money on the negro's education, and northern philanthropists and the United States government have together spent an equal amount since 1861. But with what results? We reduced the negro's illiteracy, but we allowed him to increase in crime, 'an eminently religious animal,' to use the language of a northern philanthropist, 'utterly devoid of morality.' The writer of "American Problems" treats the Labor Problem, the Liquor Problem, the Municipal Problem, the Vice Problem in a similarly vigorous and careful manner as he treats the Negro Problem. Our friends both North and South should read this book. Both the laborer and the capitalist should read it. The Christian Century Company will furnish it upon receipt of price which is very reasonable for such a large book.

Christ's Boys and Girls, H. D. Jenkins. The Winona Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill., price 25 cents.

This is another of the Inner Circle Series, a beautiful series of books for Christian people. The key to this thoughtful little book, which treats a most vital question, is expressed in one sentence, "Youth is not a time of drifting, it is a period of decisions, and many a child of ten is giving to moral problems more thought than most parents at fifty." We commend this book on the religious nature of the boys and girls to Sunday-school teachers as well as to preachers and parents.

THE CHURCH AND THE PRESS.

(Continued from page 286.)

promise as was enacted in Chicago's council at 11 p. m. that evening. But there is a sensationalism—I think the "yellow press" is a term that might be retained to describe it—that merits the severest condemnation of the church and of every man who has a respect for decency, and that kind of a press is exemplified in Chicago. I gladly testify to some points of merit in it. But a man with a healthy appetite does not relish a meal when a portion of the meat is tainted, some of the vegetables scorched and his dessert turned sour, however good the soup may be or the fish well cooked. And when one editor will take what is known in newspaper language as a bulletin and amplify, because they refer to a divorce case, its few lines of little importance into several columns, continued from day to day and illustrated, so that it becomes one of the most prominent "features" of his journal, and will print page after page, day by day, of news and pictures that keep alive and whet the appetite for a brutality that is not permitted by law in most parts of the United States, I care

not how much he may rail at the trusts, or the Russians for Kisheneff and Siberia, or print cartoons about the danger of whisky-drinking and other things I may approve of, a newspaper man with so much of his ideal debased is not the kind of a man I want to see in the presidential chair.

I am no politician, but my grandfather won a striking victory for his party when he became the Democratic governor of the strong Republican state of Ohio. He won because he stood for high ideals. Will a great national party so belittle itself as to nominate a man for the highest office in the gift of the most enlightened people in the world because he has a rich mine, several newspapers, some admittedly good qualities and "plenty of cheek"?

(To be Continued.)

SCHOOL WORK IN BILASPUR, INDIA.

(Continued from page 285.)

She passed the fourth standard in the school and also was a faithful attendant in the Sunday school and twice received a certificate for having passed the All-India Sunday school examination. She now writes, expressing her thanks for the instruction given her, and asks that she be remembered in prayer. She writes: "I pray every day that the Father may increase my faith and that I may walk in his way." She also asks that the S. S. quarterly be sent to her so that she may prepare to return for the next examination in July. There are other cases similar to this one of which space forbids mention. Can any one doubt that the seed sown is taking root and that the future shall see a rich harvest?

I have spoken only of the Chata school. Besides this, there is the Gol Bazaar school, located near the market place, where about fifty girls, all from Hindoo or Mohammedan homes, are in regular attendance. And in the villages Sukri and Bodhri, five miles distant, schools are conducted for both boys and girls, the total enrollment in the two places being about two hundred. In all the schools Bible instruction is given regularly and those who remain long enough become quite familiar with the Bible stories and much of the Word is committed to memory.

Pray that we who have the work in our hands may be guided in all things by him who called a little child unto him. As he taught one of his greatest lessons with that child, so may we through the children help to redeem India.

Bilaspur, India, Feb. 9, 1904.

BIBLE STUDY UNION NOTES.

(Continued from page 289.)

ment and rhythm in the march, order in place of chaos, an invincible army instead of a rabble.

Do not reverse the method of Moses in dealing with discouragements. Moses never faltered before the people, no word of doubt escaped his lips. Whatever he felt in that respect went straight into the ears of God. Let faith speak to men.

The Richmond Avenue Church, Buffalo, N. Y., will support Frank Garrett at Nankin, China, in the future. Brother Garrett is one of the strongest evangelists in China.

HOME AND THE CHILDREN

THE BELITTLER.

Beware of people who are constantly belittling others, finding flaws and defects in their characters, or slyly insinuating that they are not quite what they ought to be. Such persons are dangerous, and not to be trusted. A disparaging mind is a limited, ratty, unhealthy mind. It can neither see nor acknowledge good in others. It is a jealous mind; it is positively painful to it to hear others spoken well of, praised, or commended for any virtue or good point. If it cannot deny the existence of the alleged good, it will seek to minimize it by a malicious "if," or "but," or try in some other way to throw a doubt on the character of the person praised.

A large, healthy, normal mind will see the good in another much more quickly than the evil, but a narrow, belittling mind has an eye only for faults—for the unlovely and the crooked. The clean, the beautiful, the true and the magnanimous are too large for its vision. It delights in tearing down or destroying, but it is incapable of upbuilding.

Whenever you hear a person trying to belittle another, discard him from your list of friends, unless you can help him to remedy his fault. Do not flatter yourself that those who tell you of the failings of other people, and criticize and hold them up to ridicule, will not treat you in the same way when an opportunity presents itself. Such people are incapable of true friendship, for true friendship helps, instead of hinders; it never exposes the weak point in a friend's character, or suffers any one to speak ill of him.

One of the finest fruits of culture is the power to see the man or woman God has made in his own image, and not the one who is scarred by faults and deficiencies. It is only the generous, loving soul who ever attains to this degree of culture. It is only the broad, charitable, magnanimous, great-hearted man or woman who is blind to the defects of others, and enlarges their good qualities.

An opportunity of associating with people who see the best instead of the worst in us is far, far more to us than

an opportunity to make money. It increases a hundredfold our power to develop noble characters.—O. S. Marden in Success.

IN EARNEST.

When Dr. Duff, the great Scotch missionary, came home after his life work in India, a crowded meeting was held in Edinburgh to hear him on the claims of India upon the Christian church. For two hours and a half the old man went on, holding the audience by his eloquence. Then he fainted, and was carried out of the hall. Presently he came to and asked: "Where am I? What was I doing?" In a moment memory returned, and he said, "Take me back; I must finish my speech." "You will kill yourself if you do," said his friends. "I shall die if I don't," exclaimed the old man. They took him back. The whole meeting arose, many in tears. His strength failed, and he could not rise, but gathering himself up for one final effort, he said, "Fathers of Scotland, have you any more sons for India? I have spent my life there, and my life is gone; but if there are no young men to go, I will go back myself, and lay my bones there, that the people may know there is one man in Christian Britain who is ready to die for India."

A HEBREW MOTHER

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the temple's service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So pass'd they on
O'er Judah's hills; and whereso'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling raindrops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringes down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
Making its green bank gems along the wild,
There, too, she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the fane was reached,
The earth's one sanctuary—and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like flaming gold. But when that hour
Waned in the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted through rainbow gleaming tears his eyes
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear,
Turn'd from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung even as joy clings—the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song. "Alas!" she cried—

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me.
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?"

"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late, along the mountains, at my side?

And I in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

"And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turn'd from its door away,
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?"

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn;
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?"

"What have I said, my child? Will He not hear thee
Who the young ravens hearest from their nest?
Shall He not guard thy rest?
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee
Breathe o'er thy soul and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.

"I give thee to God—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And, precious as thou art,
And pure as the dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.

"Therefore, farewell! I go—my soul may fall me,
As the heart panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks.
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me:
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength. Farewell."
—Selected.

An Easter Offering

By Eric
Walters

LET us give the calla lily, Essie; it is simply perfect, with two large blossoms and the bud unfolding; it will look so pure and lovely in the chancel. Easter would not seem like Easter without our offering. Besides—it seems silly—but we would not like it known that we cannot afford to buy flowers this year."

The sisters were talking in the twilight—a habit pleasant in itself and restful to tired eyes, to say nothing of a wise economy of gas-light. They were alone in the world, and growing gray together. Agnes, the invalid, lay on a couch, and Esther sat on a low seat beside her.

"Give the calla, Agnes—your treasured lily! I cannot. Oh! I cannot!"

"Why, Essie, Essie! What is it?" and the thin hand reached out to touch the form beside her, now shaken with heavy sobs. It amazed her to see her strong, self-reliant sister break down so utterly, and gave her the sensation of alarm that one feels on seeing a strong man weep.

"Essie, don't, dear—to cry over a lily!"

But Esther's tears had a deeper source, and would not be stayed; for the well of trouble had been filling for years, drop by drop, and this winter—a winter never to be forgotten—had tried these women almost beyond endurance. It was the invalid's turn to be strong and comforting, and presently, with a mighty effort, Esther composed herself.

"How selfish I am—it is my stupid pride," she murmured.

"You are tired out, and no wonder; and, queerly enough, just when your courage is failing, a great surging hope has been with me all day, that Easter is to bring us some good fortune."

"Where it is to come from puzzles me," said Esther.

"As if to help it on," added Agnes, "the doctor told me to-day that he thinks I will get well now, and be stronger than for the last ten years. I am so thankful to think that I may not be such a burden."

"Never a burden, Agnes, never a burden, dearest."

"And the doctor said—but that I knew full well—that your care had done far more than his skill." So they comforted each other as only the loving can, and agreed to give their lily.

Pride and poverty were strong forces in the lives of these two gentle women—pride that hurt no one; pride that kept their honor bright and would not owe a penny nor ask a favor. They were not quite of this generation—not trained to fight the world—and when on the death of their father they found themselves with a small and shrinking income, they simplified their way of living, and learned to live within their means, denying themselves many comforts and luxuries, but finding it hardest of all to curtail their hospitalities, church dues and charities, certain of which they continued at a cost unguessed by those about them.

Clever, accomplished, refined and dainty in all their ways, their little home was still a pleasant meeting place for many friends, and Agnes, being a self-forgetful invalid, with a store of mirth and sympathy, was sought by many a young creature for counsel and encour-

agement. This winter, however, she had suffered acutely, so in spite of an old compact between the sisters that nothing should be concealed, Esther was obliged to hide from the sick one the great anxiety that beset her. Heretofore they had laughed over the little economies and met them cheerfully, but this year—the winter of the coal famine—had drawn largely on their bank account, for Agnes must be kept warm at any cost, and, to make matters worse, the income was smaller and the necessities of life unusually dear. And so the invalid in her warm rooms never knew that her patient, loving sister was suffering from actual want. The poor soul was growing desperate, for a dread of falling ill herself had come upon her, and she prayed in agony that she might live to protect the helpless one. She had thought at Christmas that the worst had come. Going to the church to help pack the baskets for the poor, and take her contribution, she was horrified to find herself almost coveting some of the good things for Agnes.

"I hope we have chosen the really needy this time," said one of the ladies. "You remember that undeserving Mrs. Brown received seven turkeys last year from different sources. Dear me! I dare say the very ones who need help most are so proud that they would starve rather than ask for it."

The day before Easter Sunday, Esther, with the aid of a small boy, took the lily to the church, where one of her favorite young friends, Mona Marvin, was directing the decorations.

"Agnes sends you her calla, with her love."

"She may lend it to us," said the girl, "and it will go back safely. How generous of her to spare it; it will look so lovely."

Later, when Mona had finished her task, she paused to take a last look at the chancel. The church itself, with its noble proportions, its dark wood-work and the colored windows of great beauty, made a fitting background for the fresh living glory of God's choicest gifts—the flowers. A haze floated high above, and from the rose-window in the west a shaft of sunlight fell on altar, buds and blossoms.

Mona herself, in her pure, fresh beauty, wearing an expression in which reverence, love and joy blended, looked not unlike a fair, slender lily. So, at least, thought Sydney Stirling, who stood spell-bound, after quietly closing the church door. He and Mona were engaged, and being on a short visit to the city, he had come to walk home with her. Going up to the chancel, he joined her, and admired her work. Lingered beside Agnes' lily in the quaint old jar, he said:

"This is not from a greenhouse—this plant has a history, I am sure."

"You are right, Sydney; it was sent by two women who are my ideal of what ladies should be. I wish you knew my old ladies. Their faces are like delicately-cut cameos, and all their ways are gentle, noble, fine; and under it all, dear, I believe there is a tragedy. I could not even hint it to any one but you; and I believe in my heart that this offering is

only another page in the story of self-denial, if not of suffering. They have always brought cut flowers before. They may be actually in want, and no one dare hurt their pride by offering help."

"Have they lived here long?"

"Oh, yes. They are old residents. Their father was a fine old man—wealthy, generous and kind."

"Perhaps they could help me to find some people I am trying to trace for a client of mine; they could remember the old settlers. I went to the house they lived in twenty years ago, but the people could give me no information."

"Come with me on Sunday afternoon," said the girl. "They want to meet my Sydney, and you can ask them then."

So, on Sunday afternoon they found themselves in the tiny drawing room, where the sisters welcomed them with old-time courtesy.

"I've brought Sydney to see you, Miss Essie," she said, and then introduced "Miss Agnes Smith," but in the confusion of voices he did not hear the surname. Mona chatted with the invalid, and he and the older woman were soon talking like old friends.

"I suppose you have seen many changes in this big city," he said.

"Oh, yes; we remember it when it was a small town, and everybody knew everybody."

"Do you recollect a Mr. Gordon Leslie Smith?" he asked, "and do you know if he or his children are living?"

Esther paused a moment, then opened the big family Bible on the table at her elbow, pointing to the fly-leaf, where he read in clear, firm handwriting the name he sought.

"He was my father," the woman said softly, "and has been dead for many years; and of a large family, Agnes and I are the last."

"Do you remember Johnny White—a boy in your father's office?"

"Yes, indeed, he was a great favorite of father's who expected great things of him, but we have heard nothing of him for many years."

Agnes, and Mona, too, were listening now.

"You will like to hear of him again," said Sydney. "I came from him to seek you. Mona, in speaking of you, always said 'Miss Esther' or 'Miss Agnes,' but your lily has led me, as through it I heard of you. Your father's prediction came true, but Mr. White told me—that you have not mentioned—that his success was due wholly to the start in life which your father gave him; that, an orphan boy, he took him into his business office, watched over him, gave the boy a man's friendship, a man's trust, brought him into his house and let him feel the blessedness of a home, and the motherliness of one who through life had been to him the type of all that is perfect in noble womanhood."

The man's voice softened as he went on speaking. The sisters' heads bent low to hear.

"He bade me tell you—if I found the 'Essie' and 'Agnes' with whom he played when they were babies and he an awkward lad—that if his dear old friends had passed away, he would feel that as some people's ships never come home, or his had come home too late, for the dream of his life had been to see them

(Continued on page 296.)

NEW SERIAL STORY A WIND FLOWER

By CAROLINE ATWATER MASON

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

IN the weeks following, in which it came to pass that Father Norman appeared very often in the Herendean home, and soon in the character of Eunice's suitor, he and Mary had met always in friendly fashion and found many common interests; but until to-night, whether by accident or by Mary's intention, they had never been left alone together.

Norman threw himself now into a leather study chair and exclaimed with a long breath:

"The child is very lovely!"

Mary had betaken herself to a basket of sewing under the lamplight, seeing no way to escape, as she gladly would have done, a somewhat prolonged interview. She noted the tone in which he spoke to her. It was as he would have spoken to Eunice's mother, had she been alive.

"Very lovely, but not a child any more, Francis Norman," was her quiet response.

After a moment's pause she continued: "Eunice used to seem to me like a little wild wood-anemone—the windflower, you know—shy and white, with old, dry leaves rustling stiffly about her feet from the time gone by," and Mary smiled at her own fancy. "I have seen the flower often in the woods, growing almost at the edge of a snow drift, with its few, single petals as cold and white as the snow."

"Yes, I see it all so far," replied Norman, his head sunk in his hands, studying the parallelograms of the old-fashioned carpet mechanically; "go on, please. Let me know the havoc I have wrought," he added grimly. "I believe the botanists say that the flower you speak of suffers from having the earth loosened around it, and that it should be left as far as possible untouched. I suppose the likeness holds."

Mary ignored the last remark.

"Now she seems to me like a rose, rich and brilliant, full of color and perfume, and with many folds upon folds of desire and feeling, complex, mysterious—not the child any more."

"Well," he said, waiting to see if she had more to say, "men welcome the windflower, but they worship the rose."

"Only the change has come so suddenly and it is so unexpected. I did not know," she concluded with a little laugh, "that one could turn a windflower into a rose even by the development process."

"Oh, yes," he said wearily, throwing his head back against the chair, "you can. Particularly if the windflower happens to be a rosebud."

Mary looked up. His tone and manner were unlike himself. She was startled at the haggard wretchedness of his face, which she had not noticed until then.

"You are not well," she exclaimed with sincere concern; "please tell me if I can

do anything for you," and she looked steadily into his face.

For answer he only said inconsequently:

"How firm and steady your hands are. I like to see you sew. I fancy they are cool too, and I know your pulse is strong and even. Touch my wrist a moment."

Mary laid her hands, with a nurse's instinct, on his pulse. It was galloping after a reckless fashion and his hand was hot and tremulous. She laid it back quietly upon the leather arm of the chair.

"Will you tell me what it is?" she asked directly. "Something is quite wrong with you to-night."

Francis Norman looked at her with a solemn question in his eyes.

"Could anything shake your faith in God?" he asked.

Mary knew that such a question from such a man must be asked with grave purpose. She paused a little space, her face grown as thoughtful as his own. Then lifting her eyes and shedding the luminous radiance which dwelt in them upon the face of Norman, so harried and worn with conflict, she said simply:

"I believe—nothing could; by his grace."

CHAPTER XXI.

Father Norman looked at Mary, gravely musing, holding his hands before him, the finger tips pressed hard together.

"That is as I thought," he said; "then I have almost a mind to answer your question. It would be an ease to me to speak; I have been weak enough to long for that kind of relief, as a sedative, perhaps; but the trouble was to meet any one whose faith was proof against contagion, and also one who personally would not suffer by learning this experience of mine. You can see how impossible it is for me to speak of this to Eunice."

Mary bent her head slightly in acquiescence, but the hand which held her work tightened hard its grasp and she did not raise her eyes.

"You gave me a little parable just now," he said, smiling faintly, "of a flower. Let me give you one. Imagine a man who has been most solemnly pledged to guard and also to beautify and adorn a magical veil or curtain, which hung, he was told, before a sublime mystery, the highest conceivable. The man accepts the mystery—the Awful Presence thus veiled—implicitly, and sets about adorning this mystic veil with every beautiful thing which could find place in its texture. He weaves into it, we will say, the beauty of art and music, of color and fragrance, of flowers and fair children, of saints and angels, and the sacrifice of a whole soul's devotion—poor enough that, surely," Norman added with abrupt self-scorn; "but even so, the man's best, and given as counting noth-

ing too dear to give—do you see?" he asked suddenly, looking at Mary with piercing earnestness.

"I think I understand," she said.

"Very well. But then all this is not so simple as it seems, for, do you know?" and Norman's face darkened and his voice sank to an impassioned undertone, "every now and then as the man I describe worked on and guarded the veil, a horrible breath would come to him, whispering that behind it was—nothing—emptiness, no holy thing, no glorious mystery, no life-giving, boundless power and love—but bare space, as in the Holi-est when the Roman soldiers penetrated to its recesses. When this whisper came the man only labored more unceasingly to perfect the beauty of the veil. Poor fool, to dream that the outer richness could fill the inner emptiness!"

It was a brief silence between them and then Norman went on with less passion than before:

"One day something happened to this man, whose life was being almost drained by the struggle against this whisper, for do you know it is easier to fight almost anything than a whisper? This thing

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"Although a physician and trying to aid and assist my fellow beings to enjoy good health it must be admitted I formerly did not enjoy the best of health myself. In January, 1899, I only weighed 119 pounds. At this time I was living in the Ohio valley and began to think I had about seen my best days. One day about 3 years ago I had an opportunity to try Grape-Nuts food for my breakfast. I liked it so well that I ate three teaspoonfuls three times a day and have regularly used it up to the present time, and I now weigh 155, a gain of 36 pounds, and enjoy the best of health."

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which happened was that the poor fellow said: 'I will not give all my heart's best to the veil; something I will keep, as other men do, for myself; I will have my own life and love and joy under the sun.' So he grasped the most beautiful thing which he had ever known—grasped it, not to make the veil beautiful, but for himself. It has an ugly sound, but it is the bare truth. Can you fancy what followed or what seemed to this man to follow?"

"The veil grew dim?"

"Not that alone; it shriveled, it shrank, it crumbled and fell to the earth before him, and behind was—nothing. Only mocking voices seemed to cry in laughter what he had only heard in sad whispers before."

There was again a little silence. The faces of both were white and awed. Then Norman said hoarsely:

"If you want to know what agony is, understand that this parable has been made true in my life and pity me if you like." He buried his face in his hands, and his whole frame shook with a fierce trembling.

"You have prayed, Francis Norman?" Mary asked.

"There is nothing which I have not done. With prayer and penance, with fasting and mortification, nay with strong crying and with tears, I have sought continually, day and night, to be delivered from this death. I have read a library of evidences, but they touch me nowhere. Mary Herendean, I declare to you that, enormous as it is, it is true that I have lost the sense of God. If he is, I know it not; he is not for me."

Tears dropped slowly from Mary's eyes.

"If you mean," she said, "that you grasped this love with selfish desire, as something apart from your religion, is not that the very reason that it destroyed your faith?"

"It is not quite that," he replied; "you miss a link. It destroyed my ideal. This veil means my conception of the fabric of the Catholic church, with its priesthood, its vows, its sacraments, the power of the keys, the dedicated life, the splendor and glory of its liturgy; all this was to me the sacred veil hanging before the inscrutable mystery. But I grant it is not easy to explain it. The processes of spiritual death are strange and obscure to me. Only so much is sure, that since the hour I confessed my love, and gave over the struggle to conquer it, the whole conception of my life as a priest of God seems to lie like a thing broken at my feet, like the picture of Saint Anthony I broke to-night before I left the house."

"Suppose," said Mary, smiling a little, "I should tell you that it almost seems, if your love is true and righteous, that your mystic veil was not a divine thing; else could it have been destroyed by an honest love?"

"Ah," he said quickly, "of course you would say that. You are a Friend."

"No," she rejoined, "I am not altogether or of my own impulse a Friend. For my father's sake I preserve the old ties, and my sympathies are in many ways with Friends. I should not, however, to-day voluntarily unite with them."

"Truly? And why not?"

"Because, while I sincerely think their

attempt the very bravest and loftiest one that man ever made to get straight to God without intermediary of any sort—your veil and its broideries they would none of, and I think their conception the—higher—still, there seems to me one great flaw in their attempt."

"What then? You amaze me. I supposed you a thorough-going Friend."

"They reckoned not at all with flesh and blood. Their system is all right on the upper side, but it has little or nothing to say to the lower, the human side. They would have nothing intervene between the soul and God. Christ was more merciful. He knew what was in man better than George Fox did. But you said to me just now that you do not know God. Forgive me, but have you ever known him? Were you ever sure of him?" Mary's voice was very gentle.

Norman groaned, as with overmastering pain.

"In the beginning I supposed so. I took everything for granted. I was thinking more of the veil, though, I believe, than of what lay behind. It was the beauty and poetry of it which had sway over me."

"It seems to me," said Mary, "that your veil almost fell of its own weight, being fashioned of earthly and outward elements. Where our people think little of the visible church—too little, laying all stress on the Inner Light, the Indwelling God—may it not be that your mistake has been in exalting overmuch the church and its rites and letting go the firm hold of the spirit on the Invisible God? Even so, a mistake like that can be retrieved,

"For wheresoe'er I stray and range, Whate'er I do, thou dost not change."

"While I listen to you," answered Norman, "everything seems possible, and yet the old doubt lies at the door. Do you see the awful position in which I stand? To go on, if faith is gone, would be impossible, incredible; but to confess unfaith would be like the betrayal of a trust. Can you think what must be the fight I have fought through these weeks? But I could not, I cannot now, believe that this is the end, that faith is dead. Every thinking man must pass through some such phase of experience, more or less transient," and Norman spoke as if musing and to himself. "Every day I dream that the struggle is over and peace dawning, but each night it all comes back. I have even longed to fling myself to the other alternative, which waits for men like me. Do you remember Manning's dictum, 'It is Rome, or license of thought and will'? Even the Roman system, which stops at nothing, which welcomes without wincing the whole logic of supernaturalism, and which gives these aching brains the pillow of an infallible authority on which to rest—that or complete negation, I have sometimes felt, were the only stopping places for a man who has traveled the way I have come and at last opens his eyes."

"But you could not lay such bondage upon your spirit as to accept Romanism, Francis Norman?"

He smiled. Then you prefer the agnostic's position.

"I prefer honesty," Mary Herendean made answer, looking with endless sympathy into his face. Then falling on her

knees, quite simply and as if it were the only thing to do, she prayed aloud:

"O Father of our spirits, who knowest the way that we take and who dost love thy children with love everlasting, make thyself known to thy servant. Give him the witness of thy spirit and lead him in a plain path."

When she rose two hands were held out and hers were clasped and pressed against Frances Norman's breast. "You are my sister, my blessed sister," he said. With reverent tenderness he touched her hand with his lips and then turned from her to leave the room, hardly knowing whither he would go.

(To be Continued.)

D. A. Wickizer, Bloomfield, Ia., writes: We are waiting the completion of our plans for our new building here at Bloomfield. Expect them in a few days. Bro. Ranshaw was with us on Wednesday night and gave us a fine lecture. We were in the midst of mud and bad weather, and a city election, which made our audience small.

GRAND WIFE.

The Kind Worth Having.

A well-known lady of Carthage, Mo., says: "Although I do not drink tea or coffee myself I have had a most interesting experience in my family for about a year ago my husband began to fall in health. He would get so very nervous at times he would have to give up his work and come home. His eyes were failing him and the doctor became alarmed—was afraid he was going to lose his sight. He also got very yellow in complexion, at times his blood ran cold, from nervous chills the doctor said."

"In a few days he would return to work still in that dull, chilly condition. He would drink coffee, coffee, coffee, 'for a stimulant,' he would say (as he drank no liquor)."

"His condition gradually got worse instead of better until finally I made up my mind coffee had something to do with it, so I bought a package of Postum without telling him, and made it according to directions. He drank it and seemed to like it so I continued to make it and before the first package was gone he began to get so clear of complexion and feel so well, gaining fast in flesh, he was so delighted he would get weighed every day."

"Finally he talked so much about it (he had gained 10 pounds in 10 days) I could not keep it a secret any longer and told him to give Postum the credit. The consequences are there has been no more coffee in the house since (and no doctor either)."

"Postum is a delightful drink made according to directions, I have found no better way, as it is a rich golden brown when cream is added."

"I forgot to say husband's eyes are as strong as they ever were, he is well and hearty, does not sit around the stove chilled all the time as he did before." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Coffee poison causes eye trouble in many cases, as well as other ills, and is never suspected. A 10 days' trial proves things you will never forget.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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NEWS AND NOTES

The church at Dexter, Mo., Albert
Buxton, pastor, apportioned \$10, raised
about \$30.

W. H. Boden assisted the brethren in
Xenia to organize, February 25. They
will build a modest chapel.

A. R. Adams, Fairfield, Iowa, writes:
Apportionment, \$35; raised \$38. Largest
missionary offering in the history of the
congregation.

The offering of the Mayfield, Ky.,
Church will go beyond \$400 for foreign
missions this year. Roger L. Clark is
the minister.

Married, at the home of the bride on
North Jefferson street, Thursday even-
ing, March 10, Mr. T. B. Homsher of Ft.
Wayne, Ind., and Miss Carrie E. Holmes
of Van Wert, O.

The Central Church, Dayton, Ohio, will
celebrate its seventy-fifth anniversary in
April. D. S. Burnet was the pastor
when the congregation came into the
Reformation.

Sister Mary C. Douglas of Richards,
Mo., has just given \$200 to our National
Benevolent Association, completing a
\$2,500 Memorial Named Fund by this
good woman.

Last week the Foreign Society re-
ceived two annuity gifts, one from a sis-
ter in southern Indiana and one from a
brother in Ohio. The society has re-
ceived nearly \$200,000 on this plan.

The Foreign Society is already able
to report fourteen new Living Link
churches this year, and it confidently ex-
pects to be able to report six more by
the October convention. This is a very
encouraging advance.

J. H. Mohorter, Pueblo, Colo., has

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the healthfulness of the food.**

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been delivering a series of Sunday after-
noon addresses at the Y. M. C. A. A
Dangerous Folly; Spiritual Gravitation;
Failure to Appreciate Our Need of God;
Can a Man Save Himself?

The Central Church, Youngstown,
Ohio, will support C. S. Weaver, Osaka,
Japan, as their missionary after this.
W. S. Goode is the pastor. C. S. Weaver
is one of the most useful missionaries
in the Sunrise Kingdom. He is the treas-
urer of our Japan Mission.

The National Benevolent Association
is to be congratulated on the generous
gifts which it is receiving. The largest
in the history of this worthy institution
was made last week by Christian Lelsch
of Greenville, Ill. Bro. Lelsch was for-
merly a resident of St. Louis.

The Oklahoma Ministerial Institute
convenes at Norman May 10-12. A very
fine program is being prepared. M. M.
Davis of Dallas, Tex., is to be the chief
speaker. His theme involves some of
the Fundamentals in Christianity. Let
every pastor in Oklahoma be present.

The first and second Sundays in March
were stormy days over most of the coun-
try, and yet there is an advance in the
receipts for foreign missions. Let the
agitation be kept up all through the
month of March and threatened defeat
can yet be changed to a signal success.

The 169th street church, New York,
under the wise direction of S. T. Willis,
is just completing its new house of wor-
ship at a cost of \$15,000. All has been

provided but about \$1,700, which they
are anxious to raise before May 1. Send
all contributions to Bro. Willis, 1281
Union avenue, New York City.

J. F. Floyd writes: I have resigned as
pastor of the First Christian Church,
Winamac, Ind., to accept a call from the
First Christian Church, St. John, N. B.,
Canada, and will begin work in my new
field on May 1st. The Winamac church
has called Bro. W. R. McCrea of Hen-
derson, Iowa, to become its pastor. The
church is in a prosperous condition.

Dr. W. T. Moore's new book, "Man
Preparing for Other Worlds," is fresh
from the press this week. It is a some-
what elaborate treatment of the spiritual
man's trials and victories and will, we
believe, be found to advance some origi-
nal and novel ideas, both as to the nature
of man and his ultimate abode. The
Christian Publishing Co. is issuing the
book, which runs to over 500 pages.

Bro. J. S. Hughes announces a course
in the home study of John's books. He
says the old idea that Revelation tries
to tell of the end of the world is a popu-
lar delusion. In extending the School
of Correspondence for the Fireside Study
of John's Books, Bro. Hughes is very
much impressed by the timeliness of the
course. In this he is in accord with
many of the best minds of the age, and
the new study in the meditation of the
home should be widely patronized.

The Nebraska Citizens' Council is an
organization of Nebraska brethren who

have taken for their motto "Business in Christianity." "Its object shall be to cultivate a missionary spirit, promote business methods in church work, secure systematic contributions for missionary purposes and arouse a deeper interest in Christian work among business and professional men." Plans are suggested for local organizations. C. S. Paine, Omaha, is president; L. C. Oberlies of Lincoln is corresponding secretary. We shall watch the future of this organization with interest.

Howard T. Cree of the Central church, St. Louis, has resigned that charge and accepted a call to Atlanta, Ga., which is one of the best churches in the South. Bro. Cree will spend a quarter at the University of Chicago, beginning in July, before he takes up the new work. This will leave F. G. Tyrell in charge of the combined work of the Central and Cabanne, though probably a supply preacher will be chosen for the former church. There is some talk of Bro. Tyrell entering the lecture field when the handsome Union church for these congregations is completed, as it is expected to be about October.

Many cities are largely given over to Sunday desecration. Some people do not observe this day for conscience sake, viz., the Jews. Having two different days is a source of great annoyance. George Munro, Galveston, Tex., suggests the following solution of the difficulty: We, however, see a way whereby an end so desirable could be accomplished without doing injury to the conscience of a Jew, or making him feel that he had made a concession to the Christian position. How? Let the Jew call Sunday the seventh day of the week. What if the most of the Christians call it the first day? Who knows whether it be the seventh or the first, counting from the creation? Nobody knows, we judge. Let anyone call it by whatever number he pleases. Can we not on that basis have a common day for rest and worship?

AN EASTER OFFERING.

(Continued from page 292.)

once more and lay his fortune at their feet."

Then Sydney told them that the office-boy of long ago was now a millionaire, and that he owed it all to their father, whose generous gift of money had started the business venture that led to his ultimate success. Sydney then, in the most delicate and tactful way, explained his mission, mindful of the pride at which Mona had hinted; showing them that the little fortune which had been entrusted to him to hand over to them, was in payment of a debt to their honored father. He did not quite succeed in deceiving the sisters, for knowing the joy of giving they could see the generous motive. They accepted gratefully the competence that made them secure from worldly anxiety for the rest of their lives. Esther would not have dared to refuse it, for she had learned her lesson, and it was as though it had come in answer to her prayers that Agnes might not suffer as she had done.

The lily was more precious than ever, since it had led Sydney to them; and Easter—always a most sacred and joyous festival—was henceforth to be a day of thanksgiving.

EVANGELISTIC NOTES

C. F. Gaumer reports one confession. A Christian Endeavor society organized. J. W. Kilborn, Keokuk, Ia., reports one by letter and one baptism. Will raise apportionment.

E. B. Barnes, Noblesville, Ind., reports five additions, two by confession. March offering, \$200.

Evangelist Bennett is in a good meeting at Brook, Ind., with fifty added. Meeting continues.

C. A. Freer, Collinwood, Ohio, assisted A. M. Hurd in a good meeting at Unionport, with eleven additions.

L. D. Sprague will be open for engagements as soloist and leader of song for the month of April. Address him at Iola, Kan.

J. S. Beem, Wilber, Neb., reports work progressing nicely. Twenty-three additions in recent meetings held by Melvin Putnam.

Will F. Shaw, Charleston, Ill., writes: Allen Wilson closed with a full house. Two hundred and twenty-seven responded.

M. L. Buckley, Harrison, Ohio, reports for last week: Baptisms, 2,344; statement and letter, 627; denominations, 80; total, 3,051.

Mr. E. J. Williams, formerly an Episcopalian minister at Bunker Hill, Ill., was received into the First Church, St. Louis, last week.

W. A. Morrison, McPherson, Kan., reports apportionment more than raised. In second Bible school revival with encouraging prospects.

J. L. Thompson, Peru, Ind., writes: Our work is growing. Seven confessions the last two weeks. Twenty-three accessions in first seven weeks with the Peru church.

O. A. Adams, Valparaiso, Neb., reports a good meeting held by Melvin Putnam and Miss Emma Egbert. Twenty-eight additions. Their work is highly commended.

Percy Leach, Iowa City, Ia., writes: We are in a fine meeting with Moninger and Helm. Fifty-five additions up to March 16th. This conservative town is awakened as it has not been for years.

B. Franklin Hall, Hamburg, Iowa, has closed a four weeks' meeting at Prescott, Iowa, with twenty-three confessions, five from denominations. They have had no pastor since early last fall, but hope to secure one soon.

B. S. Ferrall, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: One confessed Christ. Spoke at the German Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon. Our great Central Y. M. C. A. building was recently opened and is a bee hive of activity. It cost almost \$400,000 and was erected by private subscription.

A. W. Taylor, Eureka, Ill., writes: In the past four months the ministerial students have preached 500 sermons, received into the churches 183, by confession 128. They are preaching for about thirty churches. The Eureka church has had thirteen baptisms since last report.

Guy B. Williamson and wife, Waverly, Ill., write: We have closed a three weeks' meeting at Oaktown, Ind., where

Evangelist Eugene T. Martin did splendid preaching. We led the music. Our great choir of one hundred voices was a great feature. Forty-eight additions. We are now at Atchison, Kan., assisting Pastor E. L. Ely.

N. E. Cory, Mt. Sterling, Ill., writes: H. A. Northcutt closed a short meeting with us. Twenty-one additions, mostly by confession. One was Miss Lorena M. Briggs of Chopin, Ill., who led our music. She is a fine soloist and could be secured to sing for meetings. Bro. Northcutt is one of the best and sweetest of our evangelists.

W. H. Kindred, Belding, Mich., writes: Closed a twenty-seven days' meeting at Battle Creek with 84 added, 59 confessions; that is a great field and we will some day have a strong church there. I endeavored to hold a meeting at St. Johns in January, but the severe weather forced me to close with only four added. F. L. Taylor led our singing.

Edgar D. Jones, Cleveland, O., writes: It was our pleasure to have with us S. Lloyd Darsie of Chicago last Sunday. Brother Darsie was the pastor of the Franklin Circle Church for eleven years and the announcement that he was to preach brought out a great and enthusiastic audience. Thirteen have been added to the Circle church during the past two weeks, eleven by baptism.

Walter L. Martin, Glenwood, Iowa, writes: We recently closed a meeting with twenty-one additions to the church, twelve confessions, three from denominations and the remainder by letter and statement. Since the meeting there have been five others added, three by confession, one letter and one reclaimed, making in all twenty-six not previously reported. Foreign mission offering, \$25, which is more than double last year's offering. Our meeting was held with home forces, except seven sermons by W. B. Clemmer of Council Bluffs.

W. H. Coleman, Cincinnati, Iowa, writes: On Feb. 13 the congregation and friends gathered to celebrate the thirteenth anniversary of the organization of the church. At the evening service Bro. D. A. Wickizer of Bloomfield gave a splendid address and three responded to the invitation. After brief consultation we decided that we ought to continue a few evenings. We continued 21 days, Bro. W. being with us 19 days. There were 101 additions, 58 men and boys, 43 women and girls; 63 by confession and baptism, 2 from M. E., 5 from the Baptists, 12 reclaimed and 19 by relation. To those who know Bro. W. I need not say that the preaching was well done and that the whole community received an uplift. A Y. P. S. C. E. of more than 40 members was organized. The Junior and C. W. B. M. will follow in short order. A month ago the S. S. had outgrown our building though we have the largest in town by at least a third, and during our meeting we were very much handicapped for want of room. A lecture room will be added at once, which can be thrown into the main audience room as occasion demands. This will increase the seating capacity more than 100. For the last ten months I have been preaching here half time. Now they will have located pastor and full time. During the last six months there have been a total of 120 additions.

The Value of Savings

Table showing accumulations of MONTHLY deposits of one to twenty dollars in one to ten years

WHEN INTEREST IS COMPOUNDED SEMI-ANNUALLY

Monthly Deposit	1 Year	2 Years	3 Years	4 Years	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	Monthly Deposit
\$1	12.19	24.75	37.67	51.00	64.72	78.85	93.41	108.42	123.88	139.80	\$1
\$2	24.39	49.50	75.37	102.03	129.49	157.78	186.93	216.94	247.87	279.73	\$2
\$3	36.58	74.25	113.08	153.06	194.26	236.71	280.43	325.48	371.89	419.68	\$3
\$4	48.78	99.01	150.79	204.11	259.06	315.67	373.97	434.03	495.92	559.67	\$4
\$5	60.97	123.78	188.47	255.13	323.81	394.55	467.43	542.53	619.88	699.58	\$5
\$6	73.17	148.54	226.20	306.19	388.62	473.52	560.98	651.09	743.93	839.58	\$6
\$7	85.36	173.29	263.90	357.22	453.37	552.43	654.49	759.62	867.94	979.52	\$7
\$8	97.56	198.06	301.60	408.26	518.15	631.37	748.01	868.17	991.97	1119.50	\$8
\$9	109.75	222.81	339.28	459.28	582.91	710.28	841.49	976.68	1115.93	1259.40	\$9
\$10	121.95	247.57	376.99	510.33	647.70	789.21	935.01	1085.22	1239.96	1399.38	\$10
\$11	134.14	272.33	414.70	561.37	712.47	868.15	1028.52	1193.74	1363.97	1539.31	\$11
\$12	146.34	297.10	452.43	612.43	777.28	947.11	1122.07	1302.33	1488.03	1679.34	\$12
\$13	158.53	321.85	490.11	663.47	842.06	1026.05	1215.60	1410.88	1612.04	1819.30	\$13
\$14	170.73	346.62	527.82	714.49	906.81	1104.94	1309.06	1519.37	1736.01	1959.21	\$14
\$15	182.92	371.37	565.51	765.52	971.57	1183.86	1402.55	1627.87	1859.99	2099.12	\$15
\$16	195.12	396.13	603.22	816.58	1036.38	1262.82	1496.10	1736.45	1984.05	2239.14	\$16
\$17	207.31	420.90	640.93	867.61	1101.14	1341.75	1589.60	1844.96	2108.03	2379.07	\$17
\$18	219.51	445.65	678.62	918.64	1165.91	1420.66	1683.10	1953.49	2232.04	2519.02	\$18
\$19	231.70	470.41	716.33	969.70	1230.70	1499.61	1776.63	2062.04	2356.08	2659.01	\$19
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If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

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53 Cottage St, Melrose, Mass.
Dear Sirs: Jan. 11th, 1904.
"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water to-day and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, I am,
Very truly yours,
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You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, when obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick dust or sediment in the urine,

EDITORIAL NOTE.—So successful is Swamp-Root in promptly curing even the most distressing cases of kidney, liver or bladder troubles, that to prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Christian Century. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

Winnipeg.—The report from Winnipeg in the February American Home Missionary contains some unfortunate typographical blunders. The work here began in the fall of 1902, at the very bottom. We had 16 members. We rented an old church building for \$20 per month.

headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or



settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale the world over at druggists in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty-cent and one dollar. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

In the spring of 1903 we began to grow a little, mostly by immigration. We bought the church property we had been renting and during the summer spent \$1,000 in repairs. We now have 46 members, a Sunday-school of 50 members, and property worth \$4,300, against which

there is an indebtedness of \$1,900. Of the amount paid on our property all but \$500 was raised by our own church. We raised \$21.30 for foreign missions in 1903, and \$19.30 for home missions. Our membership at that time was 21, so that in each of these offerings we averaged about \$1 per member. We also made offerings for church extension and provincial missions. This, however, is but a small beginning for this city, which already has about 65,000 population. We need to do larger things and are preparing for the effort. What we have done has been made possible by the American Christian Missionary Society. Alex McMillan.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Col. iii. 1.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

(Continued from page 289.)

gone abroad in the land. There is something in methods and it is necessary that the gospel be preached by men who know how to present its truth with power. But the most important agency in the proclamation of the gospel is the church that has a genuine interest in the salvation of the world. There are churches enough that make public announcement of their intention to save men. The demand is for churches that can make the world believe what they say. If there is quarreling among the professed followers of the Lord and a disposition to seek pre-eminence rather than the place of service the gospel is discredited in the eyes of the world. If, on the other hand, the church is the home of love, if the members are kindly affectioned one toward another, it will not escape the notice of the people who need the gospel. Before we use our influence we must get it. The Christian man has influence in proportion to his love. And he must not use up all his affections on the man who is far from him. He must be able to love the man with whom he worships every Lord's day and whose faults he knows better than he knows those of the man far away. Unless we can show love in dealing with our brethren, even the contentious and complaining, we can not hope for great power in witnessing before the world.

ONE OF OUR INSTITUTIONS.

Some characteristics of the Christian conservatory and the Ott Schools of Expression in Chicago would be of special interest to our readers. We, therefore, give them space here. In the first place, the loss of our talented young people who pursue these arts in our great cities under unchristian environment and teachers, is very great. The church needs good music and yet many of our singers and well trained people know only too little of religious music, and very little of the spirit of giving it to the church. All of this can be inculcated under Christian influence. This alone, under the influence of this institution, makes it fill a place in our brotherhood. Then, too, it is the only Conservatory among us, located in a city large enough to be an art center and so bringing the student in touch with things most important in order to excel in his art.

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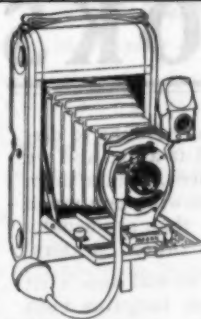
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CHICAGO

E. T. Murphy has been preaching for the Humboldt Park church since the first of January.

Harvey.—Three more were added at prayer meeting. Over 75 present. The Thursday evening evangelistic service is proving a success.

North Side.—The large auditorium was filled both morning and evening. Miss Eva Mae Thompson, who has been pastoral helper in the Norwood church, Cincinnati, where J. A. Lord preaches, has been employed as pastoral helper by the North Side church and has already begun her work.

Metropolitan.—In Dr. Scoville's absence Bro. C. A. Young, editor of the Christian Century, preached morning and evening to large and appreciative audiences. Dr. Scoville, who has been holding a meeting at Centerville, Ia., will return Sunday, March 27. Fifty-four accessions at end of twelve days. The Metropolitan church is fortunate in having a pastor who practices as well as preaches the missionary spirit.

Jackson Boulevard.—The remarkable growth of the Bible school is the prominent feature of the work at Jackson Boulevard. Five hundred and one persons were present on Lord's day. There were thirty-seven new scholars. Bro. W. J. Wright of Washington, D. C., spoke to a great audience on Lord's day evening, on the subject, "The Conquest of America." The Jackson Boulevard church, in response to this address, purposes to be a living link church in the A. C. M. S.

Monroe Street.—The members of the Monroe street church and their friends are to have the privilege of hearing Prof. Ott in his celebrated lecture entitled "Sour Grapes" on Friday evening, March 25. The lecture deals with the question of heredity and marriage in a chaste and dignified manner. It has been given over seven hundred night to the delight and instruction of large and appreciative audiences in all parts of the country.

Eureka College Notes.

Mr. H. W. Dale, '68, of Des Moines, Iowa, led the chapel exercises March 10.

A new feature adopted last semester for the chapel exercises on Fridays was the furnishing of music, either instrumental or vocal by the students. Some very interesting numbers have been given this semester. The College Mandolin Club favored us March 11.

A class in elocution has been formed under the direction of Miss Thompson of Peoria.

The art department gave an exhibition Saturday, March 12. The class of work that was exhibited speaks well of their work. Miss N. Seass, formerly of Chicago Art Institute, is at the head of this department.

On Tuesday, March 15, a benefit concert was given in the chapel under the direction of Mrs. Zoa Pearle Park, member of the Sherwood Quartette, Chicago, assisted by Miss Ruby Dale. The funds will go toward placing electric lights in the chapel.

The College Debating Team, consisting of Mr. G. T. Chandler, Mr. H. H. Peters and Mr. J. A. Serena, went to Canton University, Mo., on Friday, March 18, to debate with the team there. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That the Income Tax is a desirable part of a system of taxation." J. H. Bullock.

Cured to Stay Cured.

Mrs. S. T. Roberts, Clinton, La., sent a postal card request for a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine to Drake Formula Company, Drake Block, Chicago, Ill., and received it promptly by return mail without expense to her. Mrs. Roberts writes that the trial bottle of this wonderful Palmetto Medicine proved quite sufficient to completely cure her. She says: "One trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine has cured me after months of intense suffering. My trouble was Inflammation of Bladder and serious condition of Urinary organs. Drake's Palmetto Wine gave me quick and entire relief and I have had no trouble since using the one trial bottle."

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We are asking for only \$200,000 this year to answer the appeals which already amount to double our spendable income of last year.

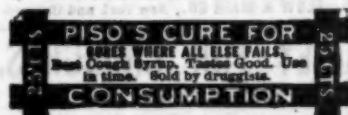
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Special Dispatch.

Iowa City, Iowa, March 21.—Mon-
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28 Sunday. Percy Leach.

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John xiv. 19.*

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